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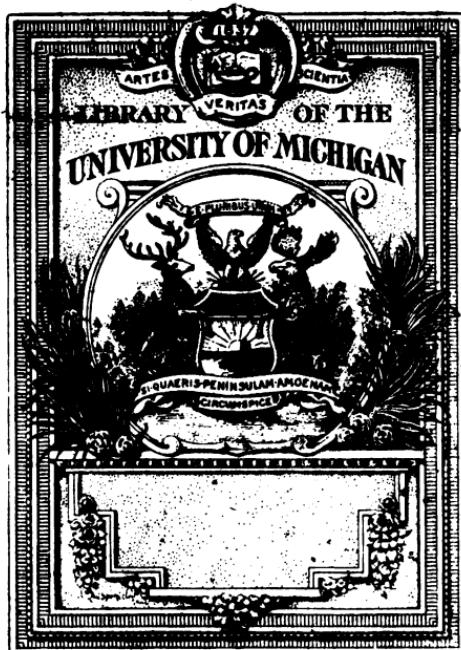
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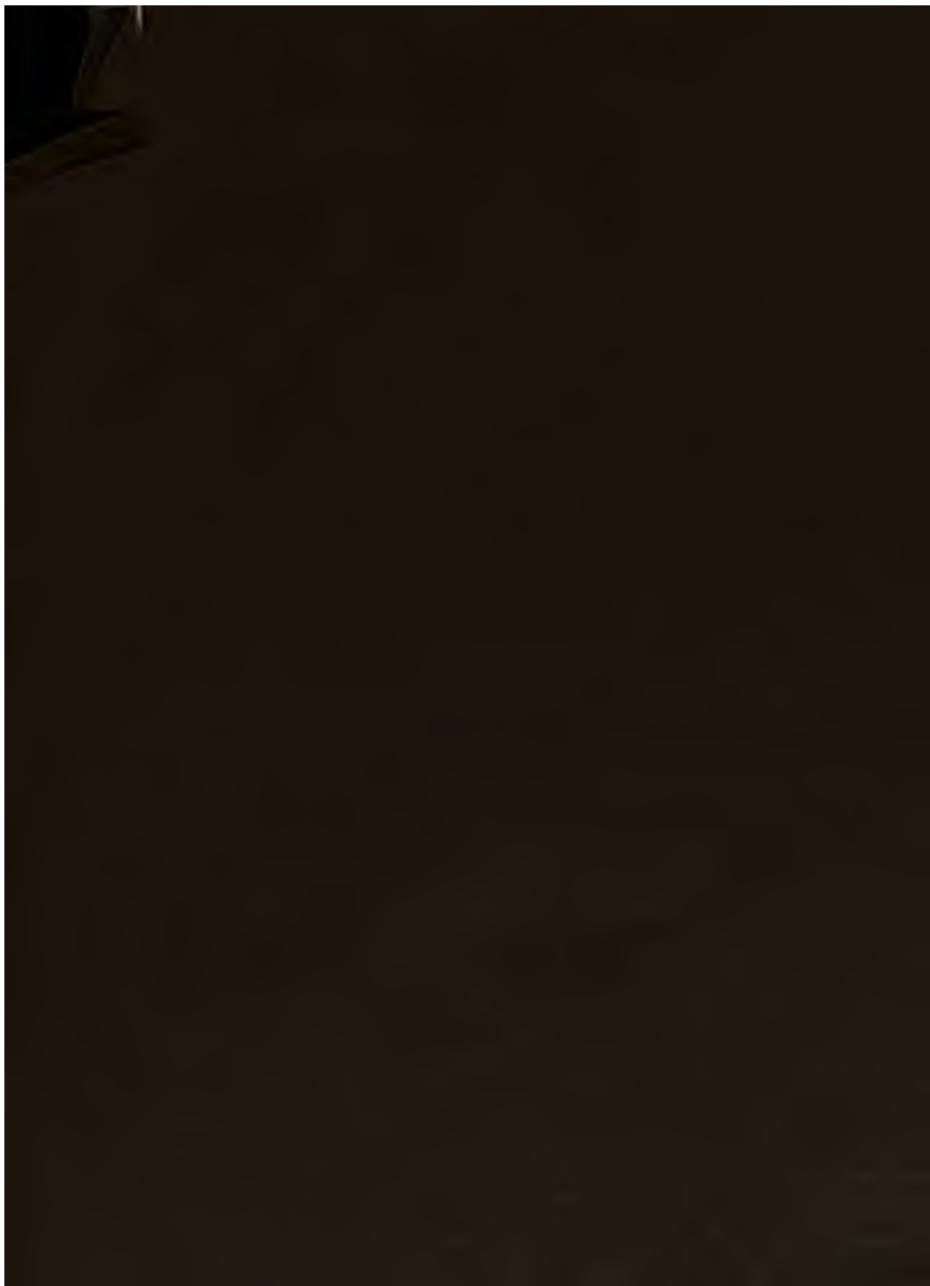
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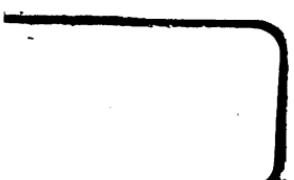
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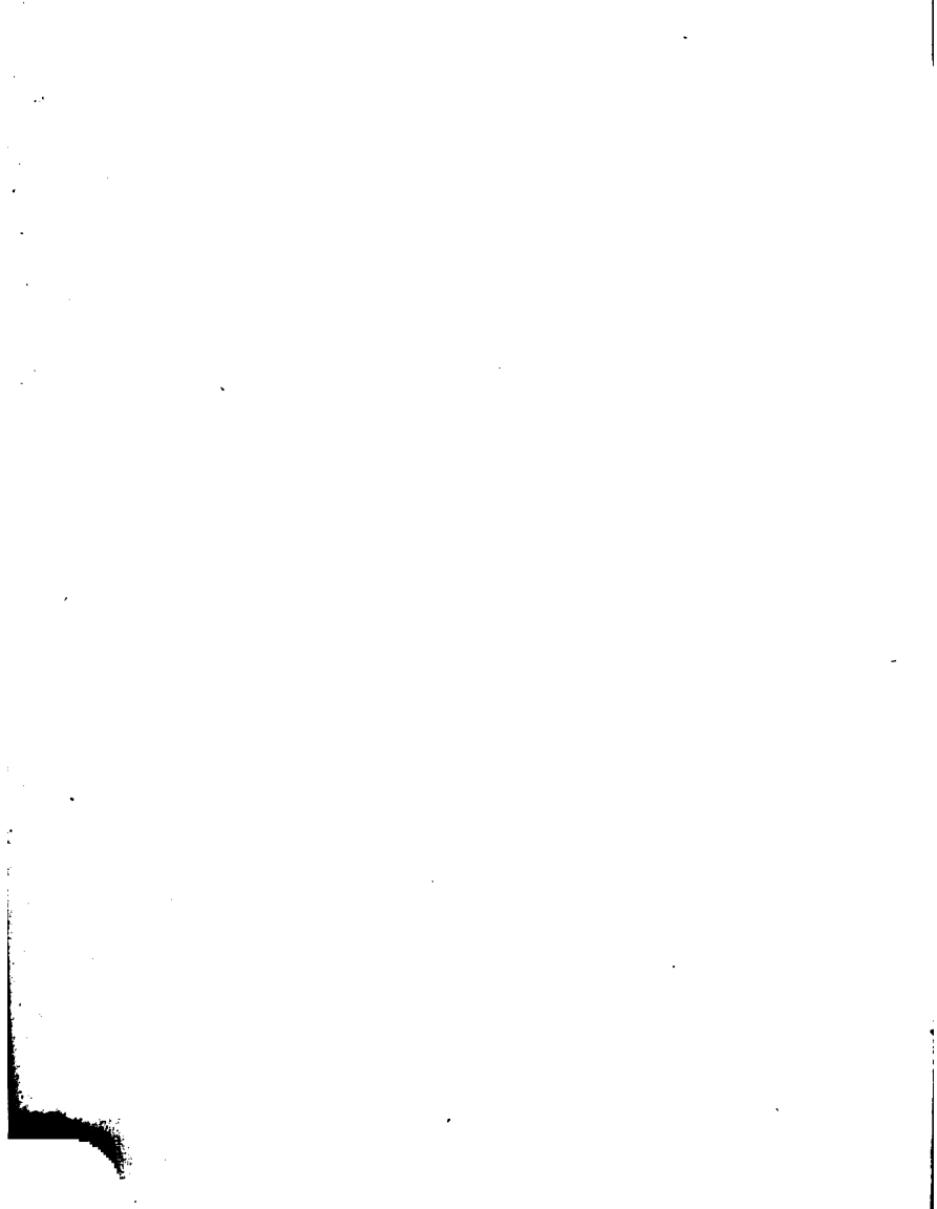






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“CHRIST IS ALL.”



“CHRIST IS ALL.”

THE

GOSPEL OF THE PENTATEUCH.

BY THE

VERY REVEREND HENRY LAW,

DEAN OF GLOUCESTER. 1777-1854

LEVITICUS.

LONDON:

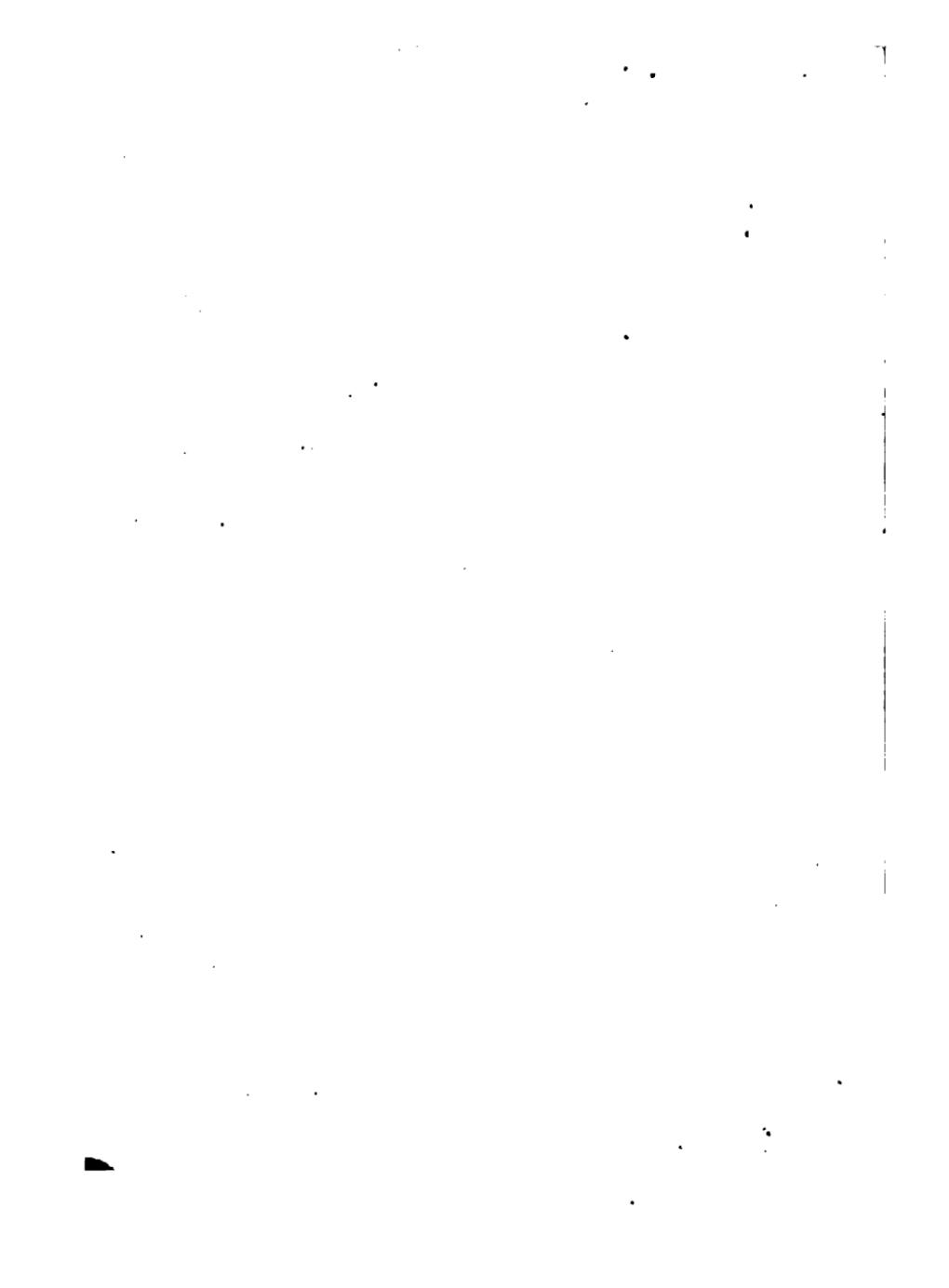
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“CHRIST IS ALL.”

THE BURNT-OFFERING.

“It is a burnt-sacrifice, an offering made by fire, of a sweet savour unto the Lord.” LEV. i. 17.

READER, you are invited here to take your stand within the tabernacle's court. A crowded and a busy scene appears. Many worshippers bring many offerings. All is activity. But all the active zeal has one great object—to honour God in God's appointed way.

Each offering in this court is a full page of Gospel-truth. Christ in His grace and work is the golden key to open every part. Leviticus is Calvary foreshown. Calvary is Leviticus unfolded. The one casts forward the morning ray. The other pours down the mid-day blaze. But the early and the brighter beams stream from one Sun—Christ Jesus. The brazen altar is the herald of the cross. The cross re-echoes to the brazen altar's voice.

In a long train of ceremonial teaching the Burnt-offering takes the lead. Let this, then, first be noticed.

An offerer comes. Mark what he brings. If his offering be from the herd, it must be an unblemished male. Lev. i. 3. It must be the choicest produce from his pastures—the primest



flower from his fields. There must be strength in fullest vigour, and beauty without one alloy. Such are the properties required.

The purport is distinct. Jesus is here. The victim chosen before worlds were framed is thus portrayed. Strength and perfection are main colours in His portrait. He is strong, as God can be. The buckler of omnipotence is on His arm. The girdle of His loins is might of might. Hence He is able to achieve the grandest of all victories—even to tread down Satan and his empire. Hence He is able to bear away the weightiest of all burdens—even the vast mass of all His people's sin.

Perfection finds embodiment in Him. His every aspect is beauty, without one flaw. All evil tried Him, but it left no stain. Sin could not touch Him, though He sojourned in its home. Earth saw in Him one sinless inmate. From the manger to the cross, He shone one ray of godlike purity.

O my soul, you need strong help. Repose on Jesus; His strength suffices, and it cannot fail. You need a perfect ransom and a perfect robe. Repose on Jesus; He gave to God a spotless life, a spotless soul, to be your price. He gives to you a spotless righteousness to be your raiment. Thus the unblemished male pictures the beauteous and the strong Redeemer.

We next approach the chambers of the offerer's heart. We read, "He shall offer it of his own voluntary will." Lev. i. 3. There is no compulsion. There is no reluctance. His step is willingness.

This is a picture of faith's happy actings. Its chariot-wheels move swiftly. It feels sin's miserable need. It knows the value of redeeming blood. So it flies, with rapid wing, to plead it at the mercy-seat. Formalists may frequent God's

courts. Habit's cold chains may drag them. Self-righteousness may urge them to the heartless task. But faith is a willing grace.

The eager offerer puts his hand upon the victim's head. Lev. i. 4. Do any ask the meaning of this rite? It graphically shows a transfer. Some load oppresses, which is thus cast off. Some burden passes to another's person.

Here is again the happy work of faith. It brings all guilt, and heaps it on the Saviour's head. One sin retained is misery now and hell at last. All must be pardoned by being brought to Christ. And He is waiting to receive. His office is to be this burden-bearer. His love constrains, and He cannot draw back.

Do any read this, who never have thus dealt with Christ? Sirs, where are your sins? They adhere tighter than your very skin. They have a millstone weight. They press to misery's unfathomable depths. But flee to Jesus. He can remove them all, and He alone.

Believer, where are your sins? On Jesus they are placed, and you are free. I ask again, Where are your sins? You answer, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." Ps. ciii. 12. You may rejoice and sing aloud, Christ is accepted for me: I shall not be condemned. Thus with one hand faith casts away all misery, and with the other grasps all joy.

The victim, to which sins thus typically pass, must die. "He shall kill the bullock before the Lord." Lev. i. 5. Can Jesus, who in reality receives our guilt, not lay down life? It cannot be. The holy Word stands sure: "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." Gen. ii. 17. The sinner's surety, then, cannot be spared. He gives His life to

pay the debt—to satisfy the wrath—to bear the curse—to expiate the guilt.

O my soul, "Christ died" is all your hope—your plea—your remedy—your life. "Christ died" opens your path to God. "Christ died" turns every frown into approving smiles. When the law thunders, and conscience quakes, and Satan accuses, interpose "Christ died," and fear no more. When the grave opens, whisper "Christ died," and sleep in peace. When the white throne is set, shout "Christ died," and take the crown of righteousness.

The victim's blood is sprinkled "round about upon the altar." Lev. i. 5. The blood is evidence that life is paid. This token then is profusely scattered. The priestly hands bedewed the altar with it. Thus Jesus enters with His own blood into the holy place. Heb. ix. 12. He strews it round, and claims the purchased flock, the covenanted blessings, the full reward, the fruit of His completed work.

O my soul, you are bought, and cleansed, and comforted by blood. Your every blessing is a blood-bought gift. Let every prayer, and praise, and work, and service, be a blood-sprinkled offering.

The victim is next flayed. Lev. i. 6. The skin is torn away. The sacrificing priest received this, as his portion. It gave supplies of raiment. Is there no Gospel here?—say ye, who joy in Jesus as "the Lord your righteousness." Yes, here is a picture of that heaven-pure robe, in which Christ decks each child of faith. His blood, indeed, removes all curse. But it is obedience, which merits all glory. Because He died, we live. Because He lived, we reign.

The piercing knife divides the limbs. Members are torn from members, and all the parts, without, within, to which

defilement usually adheres, are diligently washed. Lev. i. 9. The type of Jesus must be clean. No shadow of impurity may darken it. Again and again the truth resounds, that God's eye can only rest on perfect purity. How, then, shall the sinner stand, who ventures near apart from Christ? Reader, betimes consider this: Oh! never rest until you know, that you are cleansed without by cleansing blood, and cleansed within by sanctifying grace.

The parts thus severed, and thus washed, are placed upon the altar. Consuming fire is brought. It preys on every limb. The raging flame devours, until this fuel is reduced to ashes. Lev. i. 9.

Let us now seek the truth, which echoes from this blazing pile. The garden and the cross unfold it. There Jesus presents Himself, laden with all the sins of all His chosen race. O my soul, have you an interest in Him? If it be so, He there appears, bearing the guilt of all your guilty life. The sinless is accounted sinful, that the sinful may be spared as sinless.

What then occurs? Sin merits wrath. This wrath must fall. Justice must claim its due. Truth must be true. Holiness must show how evil is abhorred. The majesty and honour of God's empire cannot descend from their high throne. Sinner, be sure that sin cannot be spared. You must take woe, except this Surety take it for you.

What then occurs? See Jesus crushed to the earth beneath the load of anguish. Each bleeding pore proclaims, that more cannot be borne.

But whence is the God-man's mighty agony? The fire of heaven's wrath has fallen on Him. Vengeance has seized its prey. He undergoes the every pang, which would have tortured

His redeemed if they had tossed in hottest flames for ever. The fire burns—the anger rages—until each sin has infinitely suffered what it infinitely earned. No fuel then remains. All is consumed. The fire dies. The wrath expires. Hark! Jesus utters the wondrous word, “It is finished!”

O my soul, in calm and holy reverence, survey this awful scene. It is your ransom. It is your escape. It is your rescue from eternal ruin. It is another draining hell’s cup for you. This one Burnt-offering receives all vengeance. The fire, that died in Christ, cannot revive to injure you.

The Spirit seals the record with this approving seal—“It is a Burnt-offering, a sacrifice made by fire, of a sweet savour unto the Lord.” Lev. i. 9. Here is witness worth ten thousand worlds. Here is the sweetest cordial, which the lips of faith can drink. The dying Jesus is heaven’s “sweet savour.” When the God-man victim burns upon the altar of the cross, each attribute is satisfied; nay more, exults with ever-exulting joy; nay more, is magnified to the highest heights; nay more, is glorified till glory overflows.

Reader, the type blazes to win you to the saving cross. Whatever be your state or grade, be wise, and seek your richest pleasures here. The rite distinctly shows, that rich and poor alike need pardon, and alike must come. Sin has soiled all. All, then, must wash in expiating blood. The wealthy brought their victim from the herd. He, who had less of worldly wealth, offered his lamb or kid. The poorest inmate of the poorest hut gave the young pigeon or the turtle-dove. All placed upon the altar a burnt-sacrifice. A Saviour is the one need of rich and poor. The richest is most poor, till Christ be found. The poorest is most rich, when once this pearl be elasped.

Such is the Gospel of the Burnt-offering. Reader, leave it not without three solemn thoughts deep written in your heart.

1. Fire there burns. It burns to tell us what is sin's due. It frightfully portrays what all must bear, on whom that plague abides. Look at the consuming blaze and meditate on the tossings on a fiery lake—the flames, which cannot die—the gnawings of the ever-gnawing worm—the raging of relentless wrath—the agony, which tortures mind, and soul, and body. See in this sight God's utmost power put forth to inflict utmost pains through endless ages. See sin's sure doom. May the sight drive you rapidly to Christ!

2. Mark here God's wondrous grace. To save lost souls He gives the Son of His love to the fury of His wrath. He heaps all woe on Him, that no woe may remain for the redeemed. His frown is pitiless towards them, that He may smile unceasingly on them. How dear must they be to His heart! He, who is the preciousness of heaven, descends to bear the worst of their vile doom. The Burnt-offering sweetly cries, Abundant grace exceeds abundant sin.

3. What shall the ransomed render to salvation's Lord? The Burnt-offering demands from them self-offering. Let all heaven hear—let all earth take knowledge, that they give themselves, their souls, their bodies, their every faculty and gift, all influence, all means, their morning, midday, evening hours, to be a free-will sacrifice to free grace. Let the high altar of self-consecrating gratitude be raised. Let the whole life be one clear blaze of flaming love and ever-brightening service.

THE MEAT-OFFERING.

“When any will offer a meat-offering unto the Lord, his offering shall be of fine flour. Lev. ii. 1.

FAITH gleans rich lessons in the tabernacle's court. Rapid variety marks the scene. But every change still shows a changeless object. The varied rites have one grand purpose. Their several parts have mind—and that the mind of God. Each has an end—to illustrate redemption. Each has an office—to unfold the Gospel. Each is a witness to life-giving truth. Scoffers are blind to Calvary's cross. It is no marvel, that they find no Saviour here. But truly Scripture contains more of Christ than human eye has ever yet discerned.

Reader, pause now, and ponder the Meat-offering. It holds the second place in the display of these Christ-teaching rites. May the great Spirit's rays so brightly shine upon it, that some new view of Jesus may appear!

God's wisdom terms it “The Meat-offering;” and justly so, because its larger part supplied the priest with food.—Its substance and its use are the chief points, which claim attention.

Its main material is flour. Ver. 1. Is there no meaning in this choice? Mark, God's own mind selects it. His mind is the abode of wondrous thought. Examine flour. By what process is it formed? Earth yields the grain; repeated blows thresh it from the husks; the grinding mill reduces it to powder.

Reader, this thought glides easily to Christ. He stoops to be poor offspring of poor earth. He, whom no heavens can hold, is born the woman's seed. And then what batterings assail Him! The earliest prophecy predicts His bruised heel. Hell spares no blow. Earth's fury lashes Him with ceaseless rage. The strokes of Justice crush Him to the dust of death.

O my soul, a suffering Jesus is your full salvation. A bruised God-man is your blessed hope. His wounds are your safe refuge. His stripes heal you. He was broken to make you whole. He was crushed to raise you up. He groaned to bring you ease. He died, that you may live.

The quality of the flour is distinctly marked. It must be fine. All coarseness must be sifted out. No impure speck may stain it.

Reader, see the lovely beauties of the Lord. His charms bring comfort to the anxious soul. Let but one flaw be found in Him, and salvation's pillar moulders into dust. Then cleansing would be needed for His own defects. No blood would then remain for others' guilt. But He comes forth in all the glory of pure sinlessness. Thus He can take the sinner's place, and pay the sinner's debt, and cast a spotless mantle round His church. Thus we are beauteous in His beauty; fair in His fairness; comely in His comeliness; robed in His grace. The pure Meat-offering sounds the Gospel-note, "He hath made Him to be sin for us; who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." 2 Cor. v. 21.

Oil is added. Lev. ii. 1. Its many properties are emblems of the Spirit's grace. Christ's very name imports, that all the Spirit was outpoured on Him. His life attests this truth. When He appeared in earthly frame, it was the Spirit's work-

manship. Luke i. 35. When He ascended from the streams of Jordan, the Spirit, as a dove, descended on Him. Luke iii. 22. When He approached His direst conflict with the power of hell, the Spirit led Him by the hand. Luke iv. 1. When, on the altar of the cross, He gave His soul an offering for sin, the Spirit's might upheld Him. Heb. ix. 14. When He burst the fetters of the grave, the quickening Spirit aided. 1 Peter iii. 18. His lips dropped wisdom—His steps were goodness—His hand was boundless power—His heart was overflowing love. It must be so. The God-man was the Spirit's home. God gave not the Spirit by measure unto Him. John iii. 34. The Meat-offering was rich in oil. Jesus abounded with the Spirit's grace.

Believer, are you conformed to your anointed head? Are you the living temple of the Holy Ghost? "Be filled with the Spirit," is His trumpet-tongued command. Eph. v. 18. Can He thus speak and not be ready to dwell fully in you? Can He be ready, and will you exclude Him? Oh! grieve Him not—wrong not your needy soul. Admit Him in His every gift. He is no Christian, who is unlike Christ. He is unlike, in whom the Spirit works no likeness.

Frankincense is sprinkled on the mass. Lev. ii. 1. Thus the Meat-offering scatters fragrance round, and fills the senses with delicious joy.

And is not Christ the incense of delight, in heaven, in earth? The precious merits of His work regale each attribute of God. He brings full honour to their every claim. No Christ-saved soul sits down in bliss, but to add glory to Jehovah's name, and to bring brightness to Jehovah's crown, and to deck justice, mercy, truth, in more resplendent rays.

He, too, is perfume to His people's hearts. Say, ye who

know Christ Jesus, is not His name "as ointment poured forth?" Is He not your bundle of myrrh?—your "cluster of camphire?" Song i. 13, 14. He blots out every sin. He bears away all curse. He heals all wounds. He dries all tears. He stills all conscience-fears. He shows God reconciled—hell vanquished—heaven won. In Him the past has lost its terror. In Him the present is hope's clear watch-tower. In Him the future is an expanse of glory. Can there be frankincense more gladdening, than these refreshing truths? Reader, grasp Him, and refresh youself in this garden of sweet joy.

No leaven and no honey may be brought. Lev. ii. 11. The first is quick to change and taint the meal. It rapidly pervades. It casts a savour into every part. Hence it is evil's emblem. For sin admitted will run wildly through the heart. Its course pollutes. Its touch leaves all impure.

The latter is most luscious to the palate. But is it harmless? Nay, it soon proves a sickening and fermenting pest. Its sweetness tempts. But bitterness ensues. Here is a symbol of sin's flattering bait. It shows enticements in its front. It seems to call to rich delights. It promises a honied feast. But ah! the juice is gall. The dregs are wormwood. Sin's smiles end in hell-pains.

No such admixtures may defile this type. To paint the sun, we use our brightest tints. To show forth Christ, we must have pure and purifying signs.

But salt must be infused. Lev. ii. 13. Its properties repel corruption and defy decay. Where it is sprinkled freshness lives. At its approach time drops its spoiling hand. Again behold the Lord. His essence and His work are purity's bright blaze. He soars above defilement, high as the heavens excel

the earth. He washes, and His saints are cleansed. He breathes within them, and corruptions stay.

Believer, you too are called to be this vile earth's salt. Mat. v. 13. When you go forth may purity walk hand in hand! When your lips speak may purity's best seed be dropped! May your whole life be counteractive of sin's taint! May many an error die when you are near!

Salt, too, portrays the perpetuity of grace.

Believer, you know that Jesus loves you. You read it in His cross. You see it in the Word,—that mirror of His heart. You hear it in His Spirit's call. Know, that this love is as eternal as Himself. The covenant of salt precedes the birth—survives the death, of time.

The Meat-offering is thus significantly formed. Its use is next distinctly shown. The offerer "shall bring it to Aaron's sons, the priests; and he shall take thereout his handful of the flour thereof, and of the oil thereof, with all the frankincense thereof; and the priest shall burn the memorial of it upon the altar, to be an offering made by fire of a sweet savour unto the Lord." Lev. ii. 2. A part is cast upon the altar's hearth. The fire enwraps it in devouring folds. It is the prey of the consuming blaze.

Faith knows full well the Gospel of this act. It sees wrath falling on the spotless and anointed victim. The burning meal exhibits Jesus in the furnace of keen anguish. What awe, what peace, live in this wondrous sight!

What awe! Here is full evidence of sin's deserts. Sin rouses the just vengeance of our righteous God. It is an outrage to His honour, to His nature, and His name. It must have torment. An adamantine chain unites it to excruciating woe. If it escape, God's majesty is wronged. The God-man

in the garden and on the cross shows how God's anger deals with this foul foe.

What peace ! Jesus consents to suffer all. Each vial is outpoured on Him. The fire finds its prey, and spares not. Believer, see the Meat-offering on the altar, and let your every fear subside. Gaze, and let tranquil peace lull every anxious thought. Wrath ends in Jesus. It takes its dues from Him. It leaves Him not till all is paid. Its sting then dies. No penal woe remains for you. Justice forbids, that punishment should twice be asked. You may look calmly on the fiery lake. A suffering Christ has quenched its flames for you. Happy believer, your sins, though many, have endured their death. Happy believer, where are hell's pains for you ? Your Surety has exhausted all.

The Meat-offering had further use. The remnant "shall be Aaron's and his sons; it is a thing most holy of the offerings of the Lord made by fire." Lev. ii. 3.

Here is another view of Christ. It shows most tender and providing love. The Gospel truth is bread of life to hungry souls. They, who serve Christ, sit down at a rich board. A feast is spread to nourish and to regale. Christ gives Himself—heaven's richest produce—as substantial food. He is the bread of life. His flesh is meat indeed; His blood is drink indeed. The Spirit is ever calling to the banquet-house, " Eat O friends," " Eat ye that, which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Faith hears, faith hastens, faith partakes, and thrives, and feasts again, and gains recruited energies for new work.

Poor worldlings snatch at miscalled pleasure's husk. They eat, and fret, and pine, and perish.

In preparing the Meat-offering account was made of varying

grades of outward circumstance. Diverse utensils were enjoined to meet diversity of rank and state. The rich must use their best. The poor must humbly bring from their more humble hearths. But rich and poor alike must offer. Lev. ii. 4, 5, 7.

One Christ is the one plea at heaven's gate. The rich man's riches open not the door. The poor man's poverty has no moving voice. Hear this, ye rich. Earthly pelf is little now, and nothing to buy pardon. But Christ enriches in present and in endless time. His treasure is ennobling gain, enduring joy, a crown of life, a throne of glory. Bring this Meat-offering, and you are rich indeed.

Ye poor, draw near. Especial welcomes beckon you. Your toil-worn hands may clasp the cross. Your lowly huts may entertain the Lord of lords. Without Him poverty is hard indeed. But He can make you kings and priests to God. By His side work is light. In His arms rest is sweet. In His love life has few frowns. In His faith death sweetly smiles. Bring this Meat-offering, and you are no more poor.

Spirit of God, great Teacher of the Church, blessings be Thine, for thus revealing Christ.

THE PEACE-OFFERING

“A Sacrifice of Peace-offering.” Lev. iii. 1.

“On earth peace!” Thus angels’ lips announce the Saviour’s birth. “On earth peace!” It comes, it lives, it thrives with Christ. “On earth peace!” Such is the olive-branch, which these brief lines would wave. “On earth peace!” Great Spirit, plant this happy inmate in each reader’s heart!

God strives in every way to bring poor sinners to His peaceful sway. Before the worlds, eternal councils planned the way of peace. When enmity began, grace hastened to reveal it. A stream of prophecy rolled the news onward. And here a graphic ordinance portrays it. A model stands to show the parts and working of the reconciling scheme.

Some anxious soul sighs for felt peace with God. What shall be done? God smooths the way. His voice declares, let the appeasing victim be now brought. Peace rightly sought shall surely be obtained.

Now mark this victim. It may be male or female. It may be taken from larger cattle, or from sheep or goats. Lev. iii. 1, 6, 12. This is permission of unwonted breadth. The prince—the peasant—from richest pastures, or bare mountain’s brow, may readily obtain the expiating means. The purport is both gracious and distinct. Where is the man, who would have peace with God? No barrier keeps him back. No dis-

tant search is needed. The appointed offering touches his threshold. The soul at every moment may find Christ. The hand may grasp Him at each turn. He is the nearest object to the rich man's hall. He sits beside each Lazarus at the gate. He is ever present—ever willing. No sinner pines in wretchedness, because the Peace-offering is beyond his reach. Behold me—take me—is the burden of the Gospel-cry.

But from whatever flock the male or female came, one test must prove it. It must be free from fault. A blameless type proclaims the blameless Lord. He is the essence of pure excellence. He was made flesh without corruption's taint. His walk on earth was holy, as His throne in heaven. If but one speck had soiled Him, it would have turned God's smile into a frown. To have bought favour for Himself would then have cost His all. But now His hands are sinless; therefore they can take our sins. He needs no payment for Himself; and so can buy our peace.

Such are the marks of the Peace-offering. God next directs the offerer to touch its head. Lev. iii. 2.

This act denotes the transfer of all guilt. The burdened thus rolls off his load. The lightened shoulder thus receives relief.

This is the happiest exercise of faith. It knows, that Christ is called, and comes, and dies, to take His people's guilt. It sees Him ever ready to receive the weight. With rapid step it ventures near. With eager hand it casts off misery. The unburdened conscience grasps deliverance.

Believer, why should you lie in dust, oppressed and crushed by fears? Why are your eyes so dull to see heart-ease? Hark! our Peace-offering presents Himself. Christ calls, Give Me your every sin:—transmit the mass to Me: I will remove it,

so that God no more shall find. Wrong not your soul :—obey. There is no peace, while sin-distress weighs down. There is all peace, when the huge mountains sink. The sting extracted leaves no pain.

The victim is then slain. Lev. iii. 2. Here is the wondrous fact, which is the light of types, and rites, and prophecies, and solemn texts. Here is the brightest sunshine of the Bible-page. Death is denounced, as the desert of sin. But, through a nazing grace, it falls on Christ. He claims the dying place. He gives His life to the avenging stroke. Each blood-besprinkled altar preached a peace thus bought. It told of satisfying agony, and reconciling blood, and an accepted surety. It showed the price all paid—the wrath removed—the curse endured—the flock all free.

Reader, you often hear and read this blessed truth. Say, is this peace-procuring work the perfect rest of your reposing soul? Do you sit down beneath the cross and sing, The enmity died there?

The slaughtered animal was then divided. The best—the choicest of the parts, were placed upon the burning altar. Devouring flames preyed on them. Lev. iii. 3, 4, 5. Another portion was the priest's own due. Lev. vii. 31, 32. The rest supplied the offerer with food.

Here is a wondrous feast. Three parties are regaled. O my soul, you too are called. The Gospel-banquet has an open door. Each hungry soul may find a welcome seat.

1. God claims His share. All, which seems rich and precious, is first brought to Him. The holy fire reduces it to dust. It is the fuel of the raging blaze. Thus Jesus meets the fierceness of Jehovah's wrath. Thus every attribute is filled, as an overflowing cup. Justice exacts its dues. Anger, and righteous

vengeance, and pledged truth have large demands. But are they not content, when they have revelled at this costly board? God's name is honoured in a God-man slain: and heaven takes up a hymn of peace. Reader, in faith place Christ between God and your sins, and then, live, joy, work, die in the sweet knowledge, that God's scales are full.

2. Provision is then made for those who ministered. The altar-servant never wants. They, who leave all for God, have all in God. Zeal in His cause is richest gain. The Lord is never debtor unto man. Strength spent for Him is strength recruited with the best supplies. Toil in His vineyard is the wealth of wealth. His service is a golden mine. It is a field, where harvests always wave. Each happy workman finds his wages in his work.

But mark what constitutes the priestly food. It is part of the self-same victim, in which God delights. The dying Jesus regales heaven. The dying Jesus regales earth. But the refreshment mainly cheers the pastor's heart. Here, then, we clearly learn, that ministers derive their health—their vigour—their success, from the grand truth of peace through Christ. They cannot work with zeal—with unction—and with fervent love, who have not tasted this substantial feast. Knowledge of reconciling grace is the grand pulpit-power. It warms the heart. It girds the loins. It arms with courage, which no difficulties check. It brings an energy, which cannot flag.

Ye Ministers, live at this board. Joy in the victim, who slays wrath, and opens wide the gates of peace. And then strong in the Lord, and tranquil in His love, go toil, strive, pray, till thronging numbers crowd the banquet-house, where Christ is All.

3. The offerer then takes his part and eats. Here is a

teaching fact. We see the essence of true faith. It finds soul-sustenance in Jesu's work. Light in the head will not give peace. Lips may be fluent to depict Christ's praise, while all within is death. The outward handling of truth lulls not the conscience-fears. More is required. Christ to be peace must be received within. The hungry soul must draw sweet juices from the dying Lamb. Wretched are they, who mourn, and pine, and starve, when such supplies are near !

A solemn warning is adjoined. The legally unclean might not partake. Lev. vii. 20. Impurity excluded from the board of peace. Means are provided to cleanse stains. But means neglected raise exclusion's bar. They are cast out, who seek the wedding with no wedding-robe. Mat. xxii. 13.

Reader, this precept loudly testifies, that none taste peace, who wilfully offend. Sin willingly retained must plunge into a troubled sea. Can Israel prosper, while accursed goods are hid ? Can he gain health, who lingers in infected air ? Shall he, who sows the whirlwind, reap a calm ? The path of evil leads from peace. The love of evil hides God's smile.

But the believer hourly mourns, that sad corruption follows, as his shade. He loathes iniquity, but still its roots are deep, and constant outbreaks prove its life. His thoughts, his words, his works fly, as vile broods from a vile nest. May he not venture to the Peace-offering feast, while this indwelling evil is his plague ? The ordinance foresees the case : and thus provides. Unleavened cakes must fill the offerer's hand. Lev. vii. 12. This leaven is the emblem of the tainting principle. Its presence teaches, that sinners may draw near, although the hated trouble be not dead.

Reader, If you have any light from heaven, you see poor nature's proneness to transgress. While flesh is flesh, its ten-

dencies are base. This malady should not obstruct your way to peace. Nay, let it prompt you to more vigorous effort. When the wolf prowls, the lambs leave not the fold. Your restless foe should drive you to the fort of peace.

We next are told what special motives prompted the Peace-offering. They were two-fold: a sense of gratitude for mercies past, and a desire to bind the heart by vow. Lev. vii. 12, 16. He, who would praise—he, who would vow, thus sought the altar. Here are spiritual dealings, which cannot be performed, until the soul knows peace with God. These are plants, which only bloom in reconciliation's sunshine. These are barks, which only glide on tranquil waves.

Believer, let not this teaching be in vain. There is no moment, when the inner man should not flow forth in boundless streams of praise. Count,—but the number baffles thought,—count, if you can, the crowning mercies, which fill high your cup. Each mercy should awaken songs of love.

Next, weigh your mighty debts to God. He ever lives, pouring His blessings on your head. Each binds you to devote your all to His one service. His throne should ever hear your self-surrendering vows.

But mark, you cannot praise nor vow apart from peace in Christ. These are the acts of an accepted child. This is free converse with a reconciled Father. Praise only lives, where peace abounds. He only consecrates himself, who fears no wrath. You must draw near in Christ, or you can never serve.

When the Peace-offering came, as token of thanksgiving, it must be eaten before morrow's light. When it bare witness to a voluntary vow, the rule was still the same. The feast must be without delay. No remnant on the third day might

be touched. Lev. vii. 15, 16. Who can hear this, and not discern the tenderness of grace? God would not leave one moment's space between the cross and peace. The Gospel-cry is, Rejoice, Rejoice. Why tarry? Why linger? Why hesitate? What mean those miserable doubts? Wherefore such trembling and reluctant steps? God spreads a feast of peace, and bids His guests sit down to instant joy.

Believer, hasten to obey. To-day, this hour, receive the gladness of the proffered blessing. There is some lurking pride—some seeds of unbelief in slow acceptance of this gracious boon.

Reader, this offering was ordained “to guide your feet into the way of peace.” Come then to the standard of the Prince of Peace. Is not His kingdom peace above, within, around, for ever? The Spirit cries, “Of the increase of His government and peace, there shall be no end.” Is. ix. 7. Hear, and the Lord of Peace Himself will give you peace, always, by all means. 2 Thess. iii. 16.

THE SIN-OFFERING.

"Let him bring for his sin, which he hath sinned, a young bullock, without blemish, unto the Lord, for a sin-offering," LEV. iv. 3.

SIN ! The sound is brief. But it presents a dark abyss of thought. No mind can trace its birth. No eye can see its death. Before the worlds it scaled the heavens, and dragged angels down. In life's first dawn it entered Eden and slew innocence. It ends not with the end of time. It ever rolls an ever-deepening course.

Reader, think much of sin.

It is earth's death-blow. It marred the beauty of a beauteous world. It stripped it of its lovely robe. It caused the soil to harden ; the leaves to wither and decay. It turned fertility to weeds, and armed the brier with its bristling thorns. It made the clouds to blacken, and the storm to rage. It raised the tempest's roar, and plumed the lightning with its forked wings. It placed its foot upon a perfect workmanship—and left it a disordered wreck.

Reader, think much of sin.

It is man's ruin. Its most tremendous blight fell on our inner life. It drove the soul from peaceful fellowship with God. It changed the loving child into a hardened rebel. It robbed the mind of light. It rendered reason a bewildered maze. It made the heart a nest of unclean birds: a spring

of impure streams :—a whirlpool of tumultuous passions :—a hot-bed of ungodly lusts :—a den of God-defying schemes. It is the malady—the misery—the shame of our whole race. It is the spring of every tear. Each sigh, which rends the breast,—each frown, which ploughs the brow,—each pain, which racks the limbs, are cradled in its arms. It is the mother of that mighty monster—death. It digs each grave in every grave-yard. Each widow and each orphan tastes its gall. It fills each hospital with sick. It strews the battle-field with slain. It is the core in every grief. It is the worm which gnaws the root of peace.

Reader, think much of sin.

Its terrible destructions die not in the grave. There is a region, where its full-blown torments reign. It built the prison-house of hell. It kindled quenchless flames. It forged the chains, which bind lost sinners to their burning beds. It sharpened the undying sting of an upbraiding conscience. It arms the jailer—Satan, with his scourge. It bars the hopeless in that outer darkness, where weeping ever weeps—and wailing ever wails—and teeth for ever gnash—and all is woe, which knows no respite and no end.

Reader, think much of sin.

It works this bitter and eternal anguish, because God's curse attends it. It raised a rebel-hand against His will. It dared to violate His holy law. It strove to lay His honour in the dust. It trampled on the statute-book of heaven. Therefore God's anger fiercely burns against it. Hence every misery follows in its rear. He must be wretched who has God against him.

Reader, here is a picture, in which all horrors meet. Regard it with an earnest eye. No fiction colours it. No power can

over paint the terrible reality. No artist's skill can represent a flame. The awful truth exceeds report. The lost writhe out eternity in fully learning the deserts of sin.

These terrors are the best prelude to the tidings of the Sin-offering. Tears magnify the cross. The trembling heart is the best soil for seeds of peace. Hell seen betimes is hell escaped for ever. Satan disclosed, is Satan baffled.

As the bright sun behind a threatening cloud, the Sin-offering waits to change the aspect. At Sinai's base this rite steps forth to show the reconciling work of grace. Reader, receive the soul-reviving voice,—Though sin is death, the sinner need not die. There is a fortress of escape. There is a remedy to heal these wounds. What though your sins be countless as the sands? They all may disappear. What though the dye of each be double crimson? Each may be washed away. The filth may all be cleansed. The debts may be wiped out. The soul may meet Jehovah's eye without one stain. There is a way, by which the vilest may stand pure. This is the blessed and the wondrous truth, which the Sin-offering proclaims.—God's love decreed a plan. He willed a ransom, and His Son achieved it. Let us draw nearer to the amazing sight.

When God would save, justice, and truth, and holiness proposed tremendous terms. Each sin must bear its merited load of woe. Each curse must be endured. Each violation of the holy law must drink the dregs of condemnation. Jesus comes forth to help. The guiltless takes the guilty place. The God-man represents His flock. He stands their ready and complete Sin-offering. He pays in anguish and in blood their every due. Wrath is endured. Penalties are paid. Sufferings are suffered. Agonies are agonized. The work

requires infinity of woe. Infinity of woe is borne by Him. His Deity enables. His manhood qualifies. Thus sin is fully punished. Thus the redeemed are fully saved.

Such are the tidings of the Sin-offering. Say, is not this the truth of truths? All minds should ponder it. All hearts should welcome it. All eyes should gaze upon it. All hands should grasp it. All lips should praise it. Parents should teach it. Children should learn it. Pulpits should echo it. The cottage—the sick chamber—the dying bed, should brighten with this light. It should be the steady centre of the soul:—the joy of social converse:—the bond of Christian fellowship. Men should walk up and down in the full freedom of redemption's plains.

Till by the Spirit's aid, the eye of faith discerns a substituted sufferer, the conscience has no peace: the Bible is a locked-up page: life has no steady compass: death has no pillow of assured repose.

Reader, is this truth, the light—the feast—the joy—the strength—the rapture of your soul? Does morning wake you to bring this offering to the Mercy-seat? Do you go forth with your hands resting on its head? Do you lie down with the blood sprinkled on the day's misdeeds? It should be so. In every way God sets this sacrifice before you. Christ knocks for entrance at the sinner's heart. The Spirit joys to show the God-appointed victim. And now in these poor lines another message craves attention. Come mark then, how the Sin-offering in every part proves sin to be a vanquished foe.

There are indeed some grades of difference in this type, as rank or as offence might differ. The first example will illustrate all. The offender is the appointed Priest. Lev. iv. 3.

Sin has allured—ensnared—defiled him. But now he sees his guilt. He cannot rest till pardon be obtained. God's voice directs his course. He must bring a young unblemished bullock to the tabernacle-door. Behold the proof, that God has found a ransom. This is an idle and an empty rite, except it shows the victim of God's choice. This is but mockery, except it witnesses, that help is laid on the redeeming Jesus.

The type is clear. It ushers in the Gospel antitype. Atonement is indeed provided. We are not left to hopelessness, or human schemes. Sins are our own. The remedy is His.

A solemn act is next enjoined. The offender's hands must touch the victim's head. This sign too, has no meaning, unless it bids the sin-lost to transmit their guilt. Without such mind, it is a puzzling and deceiving shadow. But God gives not an ordinance in vain. He thus consents, that sin should pass to the Sin-offering. He thus instructs the heavy-laden to roll all on Christ.

Reader, if sin be found adhering to yourself,—if it should weigh you into nether-hell,—it is not, because the chain cannot be broken:—it is not, because Christ refuses to receive:—it is not, because you never heard of transfer. It is, because you care not for relief. It is, because self-will retains the mass.

The proxy is then slain. Lev. iv. 4. Sin must have death. The curse must fall. God pardons not by bidding anger to hold back. His hatred must be shown—His majesty must be maintained—His truth must be preserved. Pardons indeed abound. They freely and they gladly fly. But all proceed along a blood-stained path.

Believer, your sins slew Christ. They cannot now slay

you. His death is yours. Therefore you live. God's smile is on you, not because your sins are none, but because each has died in Christ.

The precious rite continues to unfold the Saviour's worth. It shows three uses of the outpoured blood.

1. The veil is sprinkled seven times. Lev. iv. 6. This hung before the Mercy-seat. It was the entrance to the holiest place. The truth is manifest. They, who would enter into heaven, must plead blood shed.

Reader, the blood, which flowed at Calvary, still flows within your reach. Take it by faith, and mount the holy heights. You may have heaven, as your eternal home. Your sins are no insuperable bar. Without one doubt present the price. The gates will lift their heads. The everlasting portals will fly back.

2. Part dyed the golden-altar's horns. Lev. iv. 7. This was the place where incense rose, as emblem of ascending prayer. Christ's intercession is Salvation's crown. But it prevails, because its plea is blood. The wounded hands cannot be stretched in vain. Who, too, are they, who thrive most in the growth of grace, and work most boldly in the Saviour's cause? They, whose incessant prayers most sweetly savour of the dying Lamb. The bleeding cross is supplication's strength.

3. The bazzen-altar drank the rest. Lev. iv. 7. Thus all is used to bring assurance to the anxious heart. Each drop subserves its part. Atonement needs the whole. The whole is given.

Reader, behold each altar reeking with this stream, and doubt not, that God's claims are satisfied.

This is not all. No effort is untried to deepen peace.

Hence we see more than the Sin-offering's death. Other rites follow. Let them be marked. The costliest parts are piled upon the burning altar. Lev. iv. 10. The angry fire receives them, as its prey. It burns—it blazes, till all disappears. Thus wrathful fury seized the soul of Jesus. All torments dealt most fiercely with Him. He suffered, till eternal vengeance asked no more.

Reader, if you are one with Christ, hell-pains are past for you. If you are not, they still remain. Alas! how shall you bear them!

Again, this is not all. The curse is linked to sin. A perfect Sin-offering, then, must be abhorred, as an accursed thing. Abomination must pursue it. Turn now to the type. The remnant of the victim, vile and contemned, is borne without the camp. Lev. iv. 12. It is spurned, as hateful to the sight and touch. A pile of wood is raised. Again the fire is brought, and burning work re-acts its part. Here is clear emblem of Christ made curse for us. The garden misery showed anger wrestling with His soul. But further anguish presses in the rear. He is led out beyond the gate. The city loathes Him, as earth's refuse.

He hangs conspicuously a curse for sin. Here the last vengeance falls. Blessed are they, whose curse descends on the Saviour's cross.

Reader, in pity to your soul, flee to the Sin-offering. Make Christ by faith your own. When fears a-fright—when Satan claims—when death draws near—when the great throne is set—place Him—your shield—before God's wrath. They cannot fail, who thus make Him their All.

THE TRESPASS-OFFERING.

"If a soul commit a trespass, and sin through ignorance, in the holy things of the Lord; then he shall bring for his trespass unto the Lord a ram without blemish, out of the flocks, with thy estimation by shekels of silver, after the shekel of the sanctuary, for a trespass-offering. And he shall make amends for the harm, that he hath done in the holy thing, and shall add the fifth part thereto, and give it unto the priest; and the priest shall make an atonement for him with the ram of the trespass-offering, and it shall be forgiven him." LEV. v. 15, 16.

SIN is a monster, which has many forms. Each form has many hands. Each hand deals wounds. Each wound is death. It touches to destroy. But for each wound help is prepared. Jesus appears omnipotent to heal.

This is the truth, which Eden heard: which types displayed: which prophets sang: which cheered the saints of old: which martyrs sealed with blood: which faithful pastors still proclaim. This is the truth, which Satan hates; which infidelity derides: which worldlings tread beneath contemptuous feet. But it lives throughout the Bible-page: and ever will live—the joy of heaven and the rage of hell. This is the prospect, to which the Trespass-offering calls. It shows a pillar with a two-fold front. One indeed sternly asks for penalty. But the other brightens with atonement made.

Reader, the verses, which here meet your eye, state the first case of Trespass-offering. It will suffice to ponder this. The other instances in name may vary, but in principle are one.

A soul commits a trespass, and sins through ignorance in holy things. God's law is thus infringed:—His will transgressed. The dues of heaven are withheld. Such are the features of offence.

Can this be trifle? Shall no wrath arise? Shall deeds unholly cause no holy frown? This cannot be. Iniquity is hated by our God. Can he be clean who loathes not filth? Can he be pure, who shrinks not from impurity? Would not God's throne be tarnished, if sin be not condemned?

Let this ordinance be heard. The Trespass-offering first unveils God's wrath. Offence is dealt with terribly. The trespasser must seek the altar with a ram. The victim must lay down his life. The blood must flow. The costliest parts must be the food of flames. Where trespass has been death must flow. So speaks this witness, with no faltering voice.

Is the question asked, why is the life thus taken? What means a service, terrible in death and gore. The answer loudly thunders, Trespass brings death. No soul can sin and live. Such is the language of this solemn rite. Let all, who hear take heed.

Ignorance of this is the dark veil, which blinds our race. It is the downward path, which slopes to hell. Alas! how few believe, that all the streams of trespass flow to ruin's gulf.

Survey the giddy crowds, who throng earth's path. The mirth—the levity—the godless words—the silly unconcern, prove, that they little know the peril of their state. The current of their thoughts—the bias of their being—the channel of their words and works, widely transgress the law's strict rule, and still they sport, as moths around a flame. They fall to sleep, as Sisera in Jael's tent. Judges iv. 21 They take the dainties from a treacherous hand, but neither

see the hammer nor the nails. Like Amasa, they seek a friend's embrace: but heed not the sword which Joab holds. 2 Sam. xx. 10. Thus multitudes unconsciously are slain.

But this rite specially condemns transgression in God's holy things. Alas! this is a frequent case. Many sacrilegiously invent a religion of their own conceit. God plainly speaks from His high throne. He states His will. He shows the only path to heaven. But man's indifference refuses to be taught. He pursues the light, which erring reason kindles. He chooses the rags of nature, rather than the Gospel-robe. But none reach heaven by such Babel-steps. This trespass cloaked in a fair guise, allures a Cain-like crowd. But it is trespass, and it slays the soul.

Some would buy heaven by the price of forms. They bring the offering of rites duly kept. They diligently tread the ceremonial round. They never doubt, that ritual strictness will secure the crown.

Reader, take heed of error here. Truth is a narrow line. Men easily diverge. On either side there is a foul descent. In Satan's creed there are opposing falsehoods. One lowers forms to dust. The other raises them to saving worth. He cares not which delusion is embraced. But each delusion is soul-peril. Forms are not nothing. They are ordained of God. They feed the soul. They fan the flame of faith. Their due observance proves the inward life. This is their Scripture-place.

But means will never cleanse one sin. They have no strength to hold back vengeance. Woe then is theirs, who use them, as their only plea, and clasp them, as their only hope. Would that each eye discerned this snare! Would that each pulpit gave a warning note! This trespass only lives in dens of

ignorance. It cannot breathe when dragged to light. But it is trespass. Therefore it is death. The Gospel slighted, leaves no hope.

But when heaven's rays in mercy dissipate these mists—when trespass, as a murderer, is seen—then the deep sigh is heard, Is there no remedy—no refuge—no escape? Must everlasting vengeance seize me as its prey? Now view the Trespass-offering again. While faith beholds, a saving gleam breaks forth.

A dying victim comes. A substituted life is taken. Another suffers in the offender's place. Pardon is granted through a proxy's blood.

Believer, here is the picture, in which faith delights. A Trespass-offering is prepared in Christ. He is made ~~all~~ your sin. He drinks your every drop of woe. Amazing grace! Astounding love! This is God's way to save. This is the song of all the saved—the joy of all, who really joy—the hope of all, who have true hope. This is the fact, which conquers death, and tramples on the grave, and gives enduring peace, and furnishes resistless pleas, and satisfies each attribute of God, and crowns Jehovah with His brightest crown. Look clearly at this ordinance. The Trespass-offering bleeds, and trespass is forgiven. So Jesus dies, and His whole family is saved. It is a heaven-taught challenge, "Who can lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" It is a heaven-brought answer, "It is God, that justifieth." The Spirit prompts the question, "Who is He, that condemneth?" The same voice sounds the triumph-note, "It is Christ, that died." Each Trespass-offering shouts aloud this truth.

This cup of grace is not exhausted yet. The sinner's need is a vast varied field. No single image can depict its breadth.

But Jesu's work completely covers all. His life is laid down as trespass-expiation. But death alone crowns not salvation's pyramid. More is required. More is performed by Christ. More is pre-figured here. The value of the trespass must be reckoned. Scales must be brought. The offender must pay down the estimated cost according to the sanctuary's weight. Further addition of a fifth part must be made. Equivalent will not suffice. Excess is superadded. Lev. v. 16. This rule sets trespass in a clearer light. Death is entailed:—that is the misery. Debt is incurred:—that is the penalty and shame.

We thus are taught, that trespass defrauds God. Creation's law makes us His sole possession. No faculty of mind or frame—no power of intellect or thought—no talent of influence or time—no opportunity—no gift—no grace, is property of our own. All then should serve the cause of the one sovereign Lord. Reason should plan, and eyes should see, and hands should work, and feet should run, to do Him honour and augment His praise. Our every energy should fly abroad with morning light, to gather fruits of glory for His name. Each night should prove, that faith and love have laboured to advance His kingdom upon earth.

But is it so? What is the witness of each hour? Alas! self mounts the great Creator's throne. We rise, we enter on the day, we journey on, as if self-seeking were legitimate employ. Whether we rest or toil it is unto ourselves. Is not this trespass? Such is its lightest name. It robs our God. It wastes His dues. Reader, this is a solemn thought. It fixes on our souls the blackest dye of wrong. It brands us, as purloining from a Father's and a Benefactor's store.

Some perhaps may ask, can no amends be made? Can no

devotedness repay? That is a vain conceit. If not one thought of any moment ever swerved from a pure effort for the Lord, it would but be, that moment's due. Surplus of merit is the papist's dream. But our best acts are only increase of our debt. Hence all our works make bankruptcy more deep. When justice calls to the white throne, the fairest reckoning is one huge debt. Who then can stay arrest?

Here the true Trespass-offering again presents relief. Jesus is salvation to the full. Hence death for sin is not the whole of his grand work. This decks us with no merit. It fills no hands with fruits of righteousness. He pays then a whole life's homage to the law. He gives compliance to its largest rule. It asked for one undeviating course of love. Jesus was love without one straying step.

Reader, if you are Christ's, this pure fulfilment is for you. For you Christ wrought it. To your account He puts it. Ponder its wondrous worth. Since Christ is God, Deity embodies all His acts. When He obeys, it is Divine obedience. Unsullied righteousness is sought from man. The righteousness cast over him is the righteousness of God.

The Trespass-offerer added a surplus. But who can weigh the surplus, which Christ brings? He piles the scales, till God can give, and God can take no more.

Such is the Gospel, which pervades this rite. It is clear, and full, and rich, and precious, and divine. Reader, it comes to you this day. It deals most lovingly, most closely with you. It tells you in emphatic terms, that trespass stains your heart, your soul, your mind, your life, your every day, your every hour. It warns, that every trespass strengthens Satan's claims, and fans the flames of hell. It strips off every

self-framed hope. It places a vast barrier between you and God. But next it sweetly shows a full recovery. Christ's cross and life are pictured in the brightest hues. You see Him dying to pay the trespass-penalty. You see His righteousness supplying trespass-wrongs. He tenderly persuades, only believe, and take My overflowing cup of merit. Come, cling by faith to Me, and all your trespasses are buried in My wounds,—and all your property is covered by My robe:—Come, and by faith be one with Me—here is full pardon:—no charge against you can be found:—here is full beauty,—no speck of filth remains. Here is My cross—your all-sufficient expiation. Here is My surplus payment—as your wealth.

Reader, what answer do you give? Can you reject the only Trespass-offering.

THE ACCEPTED-OFFERING.

"There came a fire out from before the Lord, and consumed upon the altar the burnt-offering and the fat." Lev. ix. 24.

A TRAIN of solemn rites preceded the priests' admission to their functions. The entrance-path was long and holy. None might draw near uncalled—uncleansed—without atonement made through blood—with the sprinklings of anointing oil. Lev. viii. 6, 24, 30.

Through a whole week the victims died, and consecrating services flowed on. During these days the sacred tent enclosed the devoted band. They might not pass its separating gate. The world was left. A barrier parted them from common life. They dwelt shut out from man—shut in with God. Lev. viii. 33.

Here is a teaching voice for all, who boast, that they are Christ's. The priestly office shadows out their calling. They have a high employ. Their rank is "royal priesthood." 1 Pet. ii. 9. They have new natures, and they do new work. All in God's household minister.

Reader, have you approached by rightful steps the servant's place? The path is here marked out. Is the blood used as your atoning plea? Is there the Spirit's inward witness of adoption to the family of grace? Is the world shunned, as mire? Is life regarded, as a dedicated walk? They, who are truly called, pass this admission-gate.

In heaven a perfect priesthood serves in perfect praise. But consecration here is prelude to that bliss. Say, have you more than empty name? God's service is reality. Is your heart really His? Perhaps you doubt. Oh! then awake and strive to enter by the only door. Space is yet yours. But it is on the wing. It may be almost sped. Alas the woe, if death shall find you not a priest of Christ! Are your signs clear? All, who serve Him, wear livery—washed in His blood—bright in world-shunning grace.

The seven days of dedication passed. The eighth dawn saw the services complete. Lev. ix. 1. There is no more delay. The holy office is assumed. The life is now one cloud of incense to the Lord. From morn to night the willing priests discharge foreshadowing forms.

Ministers of Christ, your work may differ, but should your zeal be less? Altars no more are raised. All vanished in the cross. Victims no longer die. No lights are lighted, and no incense burns. The Sun of Righteousness is risen. Twilight ordinances fled from its glorious orb. But still wide fields of labour open. Your life is to proclaim the Lamb of God—the blood once and for ever shed. Souls are undone, because they know not Christ—the true end of rites. Your voice must never cease the cry. Behold the truth:—bathe in this stream:—trust in this death:—plead this atoning cross. Shame would it be, if legal priests relaxed not typifying work, and your hands wearied in uplifting the grand substance—Christ.

In this first day of priestly work, a striking circumstance occurs. When all the offerings had been duly made, Moses and Aaron seek the holy tent. Lev. ix. 23. For a short season they retire. They leave the busy scene. It is their

wish in stillness to seek God's clearer face. He was before them in the public rite. But calm retreat would give more calm approach.

The true believer labours in the open day. In busy haunts of busy men he strains the toiling nerve. The world is the wide field. There are the precious souls, which need the wholesome warning and the faithful word. There sin abounds: and misery dwells: and ignorance spreads its blinding veil. There Satan rules with deathful sway. In this wild waste the good seed must be cast. In graceless crowds grace must be manfully displayed. But private hours gain strength for public zeal. When all is still the opening heavens pour down their dew.

In quietude the soul draws nearer to Christ's arms. Then tender whispers testify of love. Then truth unfolds the wondrous page: and promises assume substantial form: and distant prospects brighten to the view. It is apart from men that grace takes deeper root: temptations wither: the world's false glitter fades: the inner man is strengthened to resist: and loins are girded for the battle field. The soldier of the cross goes forth from solitude to fight his fight. He, who seeks God alone, has God in public by his side.

Moses and Aaron soon return. But they come not with empty hands—they are enriched with the best gifts. Here is sweet evidence of gainful commerce with the Lord. Laden with good, they haste to scatter good around. Their souls are redolent of heaven. "They blessed the people." Lev. ix. 23.

The blessed of the Lord bless earth. And they are the most blessed, who most throng the mercy seat. The wise, the rich, the learned, and the strong, are tools employed by God to move the world's machine. But it is piety, which

strews real weal on men. They, who descend from Zion's heights, are, as the clouds, which drop refreshing rain.

And now a sudden marvel fills all minds with awe. While blessings fall from blessing saints, heaven brightens with resplendent signs. Glory shines round. Fire is sent forth. But wherefore? Is it to seize the guilty sons of men? Is it to hurl on them deserved wrath? Far otherwise. It comes with olive branch of peace. It seals with heaven's own seal the atoning rites. It settles on the altar. It feeds on the victim, as its feast. Thus it brings evidence of God's delight. Thus it fills hearts with tranquil peace. The flame with blazing tongue proclaims, here is the sacrifice, which God selects—approves—calls men to bring:—and never will refuse.

Reader, this is the fact which now addresses you. The altar-victims were the shade of Christ. The attesting fire speaks God's acceptance of His dying Son. Faith, therefore, loves this scene. It is one of the wells, from which it gladly draws new joy. It is one of the meadows of its richest food.

But faith soon asks, what is the antitype of the descending flame? It opens the clear Gospel-page. There distinct testimonies answer to this approving sign. Let some now pass before delighted gaze.

The mighty God has scarcely taken human frame, when heralds speed from the high courts. An angel's shout announces tidings of transcendent joy—a Saviour given—a Saviour born—a Saviour in man's home. The host of heaven take up the wondrous strain. The echoing skies cast back the chorus:—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." Luke ii. 14.

Reader, the sealing fire here falls Can evidence be more

complete? Here is the assurance, that the infant lives, sent by the Father to save souls. It must be so, or wherefore do those joyful wings expand? It must be so—that messenger cannot mislead. Then venture on the Incarnate God. Commit your soul to Him. You may appeal to God,—I take Him, because Thy signet stamps Him, as Thy chosen Lamb.

The day arrives, when Christ must be distinctly shown. As surety of His flock, He must fulfil each righteous ordinance. Therefore He hastens to the baptismal stream. Let all eyes now behold. While He uplifts His soul in prayer, the heavens above cast back their gates. The Spirit, like a dove, flies to the lowly suppliant, and the Father's sovereign voice is heard, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Luke iii. 21, 22. The fire again descends. Oh precious token! The Father and the Spirit join to seal and to anoint our Lord.

Rich in the mercy of this pledge. The thought will sometimes rise, Is Christ indeed sufficient? Sins are a mighty load. Can He sustain them? The claims of justice are a long roll. Can He pay all? The Father's voice decides. It leaves no spot, on which a tottering doubt can rest. He cries, "well-pleased."

Reader, and will not you respond, "well-pleased?" Receive Him with adoring love. Cling to Him with most holy rapture. In Him you cannot fail. In Him you must prevail. He is Salvation by the Father's will—the Father's word. Cleaving to Him, you cannot be cast out. He is the Father's chiefest joy. And seen in Him, the Father loves you, as He loves His Son."

As time rolls on, select disciples view a wondrous sight. Jesus withdraws the veil, which hides His glory. He stands

before them in more than brightness of the mid-day sun. His visage and His robes outvie all light. Here is full proof, that Deity is His right;—Jesus transfigured must be very God. But now a superadded testimony sounds. The fire again descends. The Father again speaks. The note is still the same, “This is my beloved Son.”

My soul, here is another call to you. Take Christ as your beloved one. Haste to respond—Great Lord, each inmost fibre is pure love to Thee. Each pulse is an adoring throb.—The voice adjoins, “Hear Him.” Heed the wise counsel. He, whom the Father thus attests, is worthy of all notice of all ears. Happy, thrice happy he, who can reply, I hear the good Shepherd’s voice. I gladly follow. He leads me to His wounds: and I am clean. He calls me to His side, and whispers peace. He bids me climb a heavenward path. He soon will seat me by His side.

Reader, approach the bitter garden scene. Here all the waves of anguish beat on the Redeemer’s soul. His every look and every cry make known, that He is wrestling with extremest pangs. Each pore weeps blood. But whence this overwhelming grief? The hour is still. The place is deep retreat. No hostile bands appear. None but His loved-ones are in view. It is an unseen arm, which now arrests Him. The sword of hidden wrath now really pierces to the quick. The fire from God’s right hand now truly falls, and fiercely deals with the self-offered Lamb. Each inward travail shows, that God is now exacting debts from Him, until the boundless price is paid. My soul intently gaze. You see wrath visibly outpoured on Christ. Then be content—the cup is drained. No drop remains for you.

Another scene is near. The death is died. The grave

contains its precious captive. The stone is rolled. The seal is fixed. The guard is set. The hand of justice has borne Jesus off. The prison gates are closed. Where are our hopes?

Are claims all satisfied? Will God declare, that He demands no more? Will there be manifested proof, that all His people are redeemed? Draw near and witness. The grave restores the mighty dead. Jesus appears released—alive. Here the fire of satisfaction falls. The topstone of acceptance is brought forth. The pyramid of God's approval is complete. Christ is accredited, as the full Saviour of the fully saved.

When Israel's host beheld the fire from God, what was their feeling? "They shouted and fell on their faces." Lev. ix. 24. Sweet joy was theirs. Deep adoration warmed each heart. Exulting praise burst forth. Profoundest worship was their instant act.

Believer, do the like. God sends His Son to seek—to save. He lays on Him your every sin. He gives you every pledge, that He approves—attests—receives—delights in the Accepted-offering. Witness after witness from His courts assures, that pardon, acquittal, release from every woe, admission to the home of heaven, are yours. Oh! then, let every breath praise God. Let every hour of every day be inward worship.

THE STRANGE FIRE.

"Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, took either of them his censer, and put fire therein, and incense thereon, and offered strange fire before the Lord, which He commanded them not. And there went out fire from the Lord, and devoured them, and they died before the Lord."
LEV. x. 1, 2.

SOUNDS of high joy had just been swelling through the holy court. Sure tokens of approving love had rested on the typifying altar. The flame, which might not die, and which alone might now be used, witnessed God's smile on the appointed victims. The Covenant of Grace was sealed anew with blazing seal. The obedient worshipper had proof, that God was near him—with him—for him.

Reader, this sight is opening-heaven. Who would not ever gaze? But earth is yet our home. Here a vile foe is always near. He writhes, when souls are safely climbing Zion's hill. He saw the joys of Eden, and he flew to mar. He sees the Gospel of this heaven-sent fire, and he will strive to quench. So now he comes. The place is sacred, and the office holy. But he has keys for every gate. No station is too high for his foul wing. No consecrated functions scare him back.

He seeks the side of Aaron's first-born sons. Their calling to be priests is no protecting shield. He can ascend the altar-steps. He knows the fit temptation for the holiest place. So now he fosters self-exalting zeal. He leads to worship: but

the worship must be strange. He prompts an offering : but the offering is not God's.

Such was his bait. Mark its success. Nadab and Abihu take each his censer. Was this God's will ? Did He require this act ? Their first step strays. They next add fire. Whence was it brought ? God had provided what alone He would receive. It was not distant. An outstretched hand might instantly obtain. They madly reason, What, will no other flame avail ? Will this alone cause incense to ascend ? Impious self-will thus reasons into ruin.

Strange fire is seized, and a strange service acted. Oh ! miserable men ! their hands feign holy work, but rebel feet tread down God's ordinance. Oh ! terrible result ! To despise God is rapid downfall. His frown is withering blight. It arms each creature with destructive sting. Behold a proof. The pledge of favour inflicts sudden death. The symbol of accepted service now hurls the disobedient into ruin's gulf. The fire thus scorned, put forth its mighty strength. It vindicates its sacred purport. They, who rejected, cannot now cast off. It wraps them in its burning arms, and lays their blackened corpses in the dust. Thus Nadab and Abihu perish from the earth.

But still the judgment lives. This story stands, as a dark beacon on a rocky coast. It cries, Beware, to all despisers of the Gospel-scheme. It shows, that they, who stray from God's appointed path, fall into quick-sands of tremendous wrath.

Reader, these lines draw near bringing this counsel to your heart. Listen, with humble mind—with earnest prayer. And may the Lord of mercy mercifully bless !

The Bible-page stands open. It courts your eyes. It craves attention. It wears no dark disguise. It is an azure sky of

truth. It writes with an unerring pen, the mission and the work of Christ. It tells you, that when you were ruined and undone—when condemnation's thunder roared—the Father sent His Son, to bear the curse—to die the death—to suffer in the sinner's stead, and save with uttermost salvation. These tidings loudly sound their silver note. The testimony is distinct, Behold the Lamb of God :—Look to His cross :—Hide in His wounds :—Enter the refuge of His merits :—Cement yourself by faith to Him. Urge Him, your all-prevailing plea. A train of faithful promises assures, that none thus seeking are cast out. But threats re-echo, There is none other name: no other sacrifice remains: despise—reject—neglect—and death without a remedy is near—and hell without escapes gapes for you.

Reader, a question meets you here.—Let honest truth reply. Did the attesting fire on Israel's altar blaze with more brightness, than this clear mind of God? Oh! no. The fact defies denial. Such is the way marked out by God. Here is the door, which mercy opens. Here is the refuge raised by sovereign love. Here is the cure of all sin's wounds. God gives, and God attests, His Son, as full redemption for the lost.

How is such wondrous news received? Surely all earth will throb with one ecstatic pulse of joy. Surely each sinew will be strained to grasp the gift of gifts. But is it so? Draw back the curtains of man's inmost soul. Enter the chambers, in which hidden imagery dwells. In many corners many Nadabs and Abihu lurk. They hear of Christ, and sneer. They see the cross, and count it a vain thing. The fire of their own hearths is their delight. They rather choose self-kindled sparks.

Reader, draw near, and mark some leaders of this blinded

troop. Self-righteous pride claims foremost place. It is a bold unblushing rebel in earth's camp. It lifts a daring head, and wears a helmet plumed with nature's gaudy crest. Its mouth abounds with self-invented pleas. What are they? Fancied innocence of grievous ill—a fancied treasury of virtue's deeds—a train of duties towards God—a train of charity towards man. It views this household flame, and fondly asks, What lack I more? Ah! the rash madness! Ah! the wreck of soul! Take nature's best, what is it, but a noxious plant, rooted in filthy mire—laden with poison-berries—plucked by polluted hand? Uplift self's purest clothing to the light of heaven. It is a tattered rag. No thread is clean—no part is whole. But still for this God's well-beloved Son is scorned—for this His righteousness is put aside.

What is the end? The judgment comes. The great white throne is set. How will these Nadabs and Abihu stand? He, who alone could save, is now the Judge. Where is the blood, which once flowed near? There was a plea, which might have fully saved, but this was cast behind. Can a rejected Jesus skreen rejecting foes? Can a refused shield ward off death-blows? Vengeance descends, and human merit takes its own wages with the lost.

Others confess the evil of their early years. When they look back, the traversed path seems foul. They readily allow, that vile transgressions soiled their hands—their feet—their hearts. But they now flee all flagrant fault. They have sown reformation-seeds, and gathered reformation-fruits, and Cain-like, bring the produce of their fields. Here Nadab and Abihu re-appear in a patched garb. Amendments pile their censers high. This is the fire of their choice. But it is strange. God's altar gave not such supply.

Reader, think not, that reformation is of little worth. You must be born again. None but new-born can enter heaven, or be happy there. But outward changes are not always grace. Lot's wife left Sodom, but she perished by the way. A new dress may be worn without new heart. A painted surface will not purify a tomb. A Herod may reform without new-birth.

Besides, where grace is real, it is no covering for past offence. This year's honesty has no receipts for last year's debts. Again, a trust in change of life is evidence of unchanged heart. The Spirit leads not to such rotten ground. He never prompts such arrogant conceits. The saintliest man increasingly sees evil cleaving, as the bark to trees—as feathers to the fowl. He knows no hope, but Jesu's life, and Jesu's death. This is the fire, which God prescribes. And this alone the child of God will bring.

Some Nadabs and Abihu come with streaming eyes. Sin has brought loss. Some worldly prospect has been crushed. Thus Esau weeps. Conscience sometimes is quick to see the misery of guilt. Saul's flowing tears own this. So, too, the Gospel's melody will often melt. It falls, as tender dew upon a moistening soil. Feelings relax, as ice beneath the sun. In these relaxing moments, Satan whispers, there is merit here. The mourning spirit fondly hopes, that mourning can buy peace. The tearful eye sees virtue in its drops. Thus signs of penitence are offered, as a ransom-price. Doubtless, no heart loves Christ, which hates not self, and bitterly bewails its grievous state. Doubtless the arms of penitence twine tightly round the cross. But seas of grief cannot wash out soul-stains. Sorrow, when brought as pardon's price, is but strange fire. And all strange fire calls vengeance down.

The class of formalists may not be overlooked. They crowd

God's courts. Each attitude—each look—is studied reverence. Their lips drop holiest words. Their hands touch holiest symbols. Their souls seem rapt to heaven on devotion's wing. If services discharged—if rites observed—if outward show were Christ, their cup of safety would be full. But these are only means. In their right place, they are most salutary helps:—but decked as saviours—they impose—mislead—destroy. To use them, as meek handmaids of the Lord, is piety's delight: to trust in them, as reconciliation's price, is superstition's blind conceit. Then they become strange fire. These worshippers reject the substance, and repose on signs. But ritual services have in themselves no saving power. Such planks span not the gaping gulf. Such ladders reach not to the throne of God. Their office is to lead to Christ: and witness of His love. They are the channels of His precious grace. But they wash out no sin: they satisfy no wrath: they stay no vengeance: they have no key of heaven: they snatch not from the grasp of Satan: they are no plea for pardon: they hold no title-deeds of glory's kingdom. Christ is Salvation—Christ alone. Such is the work, which God commissioned Him to work. He undertook it. And He gloriously achieved. The mighty truth is ever true, “I have finished the work, which Thou gavest Me to do.” They, then, who now present another sacrifice, like Nadab and Abihu sin—like Nadab and Abihu die.

Reader, now view your censer: now say, what are its contents. Surely you hold some offering in your hands. Surely some confidence keeps conscience still. What is it? God has sent forth His Son—the only way—the only truth—the only life—the only ransom-price—the one atonement, for all sin. Is He the rock, on which you rest? Is He the centre of your

hopes? Is He the one foundation of your trust? Is He your only argument for mercy? One sun illuminates the world. One ark delivered from the flood. One Joseph fed in times of famine. One brazen-serpent healed the poison's sting. One fire came down for tabernacle-use. One Saviour saves the saved. One Christ is first and last to merit life. God sends, anoints, accepts, proclaims Him. If you plead Him in real faith, you cannot fail. To grasp another, is to grasp a straw.

Hark, Abel and all saints of old, and all believers of all times, and the one shout around the throne, tell, that eternal safety is beneath His wings. Hark, the wild wails of Cains, and Nadabs, and Abihu, warn, that other fire kindles a quenchless flame. Christ by God's will is heaven's gate. Strange offerings are hopeless hope. And hopeless hope must plunge in black despair.

HOLINESS.

"Ye shall be Holy, for I am Holy." LEV. xi. 44.

HOLINESS! There is sweet music in the very name. It tells of sin subdued—of boisterous passions lulled—of fiery lusts becalmed—of miry paths made clean. It sets before us a pure walk, where peace and joy go hand in hand, and scatter heaven-born fragrance round.

Reader, this grace for a few moments claims your view. God's voice commands it to your love. May His might graft it in your heart.

Holiness! To cause this lovely plant to thrive—its roots to deepen—and its branches to bear fruit, is one grand purport of the scheme of grace.

Fly back in spirit to the day, when sovereign love made its all-wise decrees, and life's fair book received the blessed names. We find election choosing souls in Christ. What is the final cause? It is, that they should be holy and without blame before God in love. Eph. i. 4. A holy stone is laid, that thence a holy fabric may arise. The will to save wills Holiness in the saved.

Predestination next draws the full chart of the believer's course. The path is Holiness. "An highway shall be there, and a way; and it shall be called the way of Holiness." Is. xxxv. 8. The holy pilgrims may not walk in mire. They

all show features of a heavenly birth. "Whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son." Rom. viii. 29. The God-like travellers must tread a godly road.

When the due time is come, Jesus appears with full redemption in His hands. Doubtless the first note of the Gospel-trump is rescue by His death from sin's tremendous woe—payment by His blood of sin's immeasurable debt—endurance on His cross of the law's curse—satisfaction through His sacrifice of all God's claims.—Wondrous achievement! Noble triumph! Worthy display of everlasting love and power! But is this all? Are there not other waters in this well? Are there not other summits on this rock? Yes. Christ is redemption's overflowing cup. Christ is the uttermost of man's vast need. Hence He frees from the rule and sway of evil, as surely as from its endless pains. Holiness is the Redeemer's essence: and the redemption's end. Hark, the word loudly cries, "He gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity." Tit. ii. 14. "Who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world." Gal. i. 4. He sows the seeds of blood, that Holiness may bloom. He spares no price, that He may buy a holy treasure.

In the fair day of grace, the tender Shepherd seeks each straying sheep. Long they may wander in earth's desert waste—exposed to cruel foes—and famished by the weeds of nature's soil. But He well knows them, and they must know Him. So the sweet notes of His alluring call at last fall softly on their ears. They hear—they yield—they follow—they obey. The call is holy. 2 Tim. i. 9. 1 Thess. iv. 7. Sin henceforth is eschewed—abhorred—and a pure flock feeds in pure meads.

Thus the whole Gospel-plan bears, as its mitre, "Holiness to the Lord." Its every step is turned towards Holiness. Its every part subserves a holy end.

Reader, perhaps you now may say, show me some picture of this beauteous grace. A ready text points upwards. The Lord's own voice proclaims, "Ye shall be holy, for I am holy." Lev. xi. 44. Our God is Holiness, and Holiness is likeness to our God. "The new man is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him." Col. iii. 10. The new-born nature is similitude to God.

Let not man's cavils shade the brightness of this truth. Take no inferior standard. True Holiness is divine. It loves, what God loves. It shuns, what God shuns. Holiness is God in the heart—the life—the lips—the ways—the walk. It is a stream, in which each drop is heavenly and heavenward. It is a sun, in which each ray is from God's throne. God can propose no model but Himself. A lower thought would acquiesce in evil. Therefore the mandate is, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven, is perfect." Matt. v. 48. Holiness falls short, when it falls short of God.

But perhaps you say, such glorious lustre is too bright for sight. The heavenly sunshine dims the dazzled eye. But still draw near. God's Holiness, in human form, has visited and trod our earth. Jesus takes flesh and tabernacles here. His walk in our soiled paths is clean as on celestial pavement. Mark every act. Hear every word. They have one feature, Holiness. No trial spared Him. Hell's every snare was laid. No circumstance, which ever won, or drove, to sin, failed to put forth its craftiest wiles. But all was vain. Each wave rebounded from the holy Rock. In childhood—in youth's bloom—in riper age—to earthly parents, and to heavenly

Father—to treacherous friends, and open foes—alone, abroad, in work, in rest, in ease, in agony, in life, in death. He showed one glorious front: He stood one glorious column:—Holiness. There has been perfect Holiness on earth. Reader, your eye can scan—your mind can grasp this pattern. Such is the Holiness of God.

But some may add, this righteousness was wrought out for the Church. Christ kept each edict of the law for them. He places this obedience in their hands, as key to heaven—as right to life—as title-deeds to bliss—as beauteous robe to shine in heaven's light. This is made over as the portion of His saints. Can they need more?

True, this righteousness is the wedding-dress, in which He decks His bride. It is her spotless beauty, and her coronet of gems. But it is more. The life of Jesus draws the clear portraiture of Zion's citizens. Heaven's courts, and atmosphere, and inmates, are all holy. None but the holy can there walk, and breathe, and taste delight. Heaven is no heaven to old natures. To such, the sounding harps sound only discord. To such, the one employ is only misery. There is no pulse in common. Man must be Holiness—not to buy heaven—that is Christ's only work:—not to fill merit's cup—that is Christ's gift: but to gain fitness to associate: to win capacity for bliss. Without Christ's righteousness, the gate cannot be passed. Without internal Holiness, the entrance is no gain. No Holiness, no heaven.

Mark next the soil, in which this flower has roots,—the seed, from which it springs. Man's pride must here lie low. It never thrives in nature's field. Neither can hand of nature plant it. When sin came in, each gracious fibre died. The curse fell blightingly on earth, but most so on the human

heart. The thorns and briers of the outward world are dismal emblems of the wilderness within. God's likeness was effaced at once, and hideous enmity established its one rule. How then can Holiness revive? Until the waste becomes a garden—the plant cannot be set: until heaven gives the seed, it can nowhere be found. God must prepare the soil. God must infuse the seed. The work is wholly God's.

But this is all arranged in the sure Covenant of grace. The Holy Spirit lends His aid. By His Almightiness, He forms anew the texture of the soul. He takes away the barren rock. He brings down scions from the garden of the Lord. He graciously inserts them. And thus true Holiness again lifts up its fruitful and its fragrant head.

Reader, be not deceived. Trust not to powers, which are powers none. You must gain help from God, or you can never be a holy man. The wish and the ability are both divine. Can darkness melt itself to light? Can rocky channel flow in liquid streams? Can poison's stem produce the luscious grape? Can hatred love? Can the dry bones re-animate themselves? These changes cannot be. Neither can dead souls burst their tombs, and clothe themselves in self-made life. The mighty agent is above, and till He works, no work is done.

Reader, next mark the renovating means. The wondrous engine is the Gospel-truth. The Spirit wins by charming notes. He opens ears to hear new melody. He gives the eye to see new scenes. He reveals Christ—the beauty of all beauty. He shows the cleansing blood—the sympathising heart—the perfect refuge—the all-sufficient aid. These sights wave a transforming wand. A new affection subjugates the man. Jesus and purer hopes now occupy the mind. Darkness is passed. The true light shines.

The grace of faith springs up. This is the chain, which binds the soul to Christ, and makes the Saviour and the sinner one. A channel is now formed, by which Christ's fulness plenteously flows down. The barren branch becomes a portion of the fruitful stem. Christ's vital juices permeate the whole. The limbs receive close union with the head, and one life reigns throughout the total frame.

Reader, would you be holy? The way is only one. All other roads lead down to deeper mire. Christ must come in. All is dark death, except where Jesus lives. All is pure life and loveliness, where Jesus reigns. Draw near and nearer to the Gospel-page. There gaze on Christ, till the soul's features melt into His likeness. The Gospel heard, and read, and loved, are the bright wings on which the Spirit flies. The Spirit's presence brings the Saviour near. The Saviour welcomed, is all Holiness begun. The Saviour cherished, is all Holiness advancing. The Saviour never absent, is Holiness complete. Holiness complete, is heaven's full blaze.

Believer, this subject has a warning voice. You mourn short-comings. You find the hated monster sin still striving for the rule. Evil is present, when you would do good. Help is laid up for you in Christ. Seek clearer interest in Him. Faith sows the seeds. Assurance brings in golden sheaves. They, who most deeply feel, that they have died in Christ and paid in Him sin's penalties, ascend to highest heights of godly life. He is most holy, who has most of Christ within, and joys most fully in the finished work. It is defective faith, which clogs the feet, and causes many a fall.

We here discern why Gospel truth is so assailed with hate. It is the lever, which moves men's minds from sin. It is the sweet attractive to the heaven-pure path. Hence the sin-

loving world turns angrily away. Evil is more congenial to the taste. Evil is sweet. Corruption rejects Christ.

But evil's sweets are a deceptive cup. The draught is poison. The drops prove only gall. Reader, delay not. Cast it from you. Peace only blooms beside the Gospel-road. There is no happiness, but on the Gospel-mount. True blessedness is holy oneness with the holy Saviour. When He is near, what sorrow can distress? His smile dispels all gloom. His words of comfort make each burden light. Seek Holiness, and happiness in Christ. They are conjoined by God: and thus conjoined for ever.

But if you madly turn to the false taper of this world's show, too late this truth will bar heaven's gate against you:—Oh! heed it now, before "too late" arrive:—"Holiness—without which, no man shall see the Lord." Heb. xii. 14.

CLEAN AND UNCLEAN.

"To make a difference between the unclean and the clean." Lev. xi. 47.

WHERE is the spectacle, which can compare with the true child of God in Christ? He once was as a withered branch. No comeliness—no worth adorned him. But in due time a gracious eye looked on his ruined state; a gracious hand removed him to the garden of the Lord. And now unfailing grace continues its preserving care. Old things are gone. All things are fresh in verdure—fragrance—bloom.

The believer is a new-born heir. As such he journeys in new companionship along new paths to his new home. He is no longer of the earth and earthly. While his hands hold the title-deeds of heavenly life, his separated walk is worthy of his lofty prospects. His mien is as distinguished, as his hope. His heart is far away: and an uplifted heart uplifts the thoughts, and words, and works. An impulse from on high compels high motives and desires. The stream must seek its native level. The attracted steel must tend towards the magnet. Thus the new man is drawn towards God, and thus he soars above the world's debasing plain.

No doubtful text proclaims this truth. **Come**, is the constant Gospel-cry. What is it to come, but to leave sin, the world, and self, and enter fenced pastures, where Jesus guides His guarded flock?

But more than precept teaches separation. A nation stands its living type. Israel's children picture the family of grace. Were they commingled with the common race of man? Far otherwise. Peculiar ordinances set them apart. Peculiar institutions were a broad barrier around. Peculiar laws raised the high pathway, in which they walked alone.

Their every act in every day was a distinction. Their code was a sign-post guiding from open thoroughfare. Many rules enclosed them within holy bounds. Many commands secured a differing life.

But one especial instance here, claims notice. Their tables were hedged around. A garrison of interdictions circled them. Their diet was most rigidly confined. Were all the beasts, which browsed in meadows, or which climbed the hills, or lurked in forests, their allotted food? Might they partake of all the watery tribe, which sported in the lakes, or hid in the sea's depths? Did all the winged creation minister regalement to their palate? Might choice select all creeping reptiles, at its will? It was not so. Some only might be touched. The rest must be most scrupulously shunned. A mark was fixed on each. There was no animal—no fish—no bird—no insect of the soil, which was not Clean or Unclean—permitted or forbidden. Each had its voice. Taste or taste not,

Reader, it is well to probe the mine of this extensive law. It must be wise: the God all-wise ordains it. It must be good: the hand of love indites it. What then is the purport? May the Spirit's light reveal!

They stop far short who limit the design to some intrinsic difference in created flesh, or only find a guidance to nutritious food. The palate needed not such heaven-sent aid. Luxury would soon discern the luscious and the vile. Besides, the

mark is not, salubrious—insalubrious: tasteful—tasteless; but Clean—Unclean. No. These instructions teach the wing of faith to stretch to higher regions of exalted thought. Here is a school to benefit the soul. The mind is hereby disciplined to spiritual advance. The need of inward purity is here prescribed.

The first result is far removal from all heathen contact. God's chosen tribes could hold no social fellowship with idol-worshippers. There was no common banquet-house. The tables of the nations were unclean. The Jew could have no seat at impure boards. The dish, there proffered, might contain polluted food. Thus a wide gulf divided. Thus a strict ordinance prevented intermixing union.—Reader, this law commands God's people to be separate.

The literal code indeed has ceased. All shadows vanish. The Gospel-substance is revealed. But still the principle is divine. It cannot die. The holy purport lives, and will live on, till the last saint shall pass through glory's porch.

The need remains, because the world is still the world. Its baits, its filth, its vile corruptions, are unchanged. It still extends a net for the unwary soul. It still is the broad road going down to hell. It still is the wide gate courting the giddy multitude. Hence Scripture's voice still cries, Beware. Beacons still show a coast bestrewed with wrecks, and wisdom calls the holy pilgrim from a treacherous path.

Reader, you grant, that a clear precept interdicts the world. But perhaps the term conveys no definite idea. Some shrouded phantom passes in shadowy guise. No features broadly stare you in the face. Be not deceived. The world, though masked, has still its own most fearful form. The mass of mankind, strangers to God, and rebels to His grace, are its material.—

They, whose chief good resides in things of time and sense; they, whose horizon stretches not beyond this fleeting scene; they, whose one object is to press most earthly joy into earth's little day; they, who dance after pleasure's bubble, and scorn the cross, and make not Christ their all, are the vile stones which form the worthless pile. All, who bear Satan's yoke, and do his work, and wear his badge, and heed his will, are subjects of that wide empire—world. The line is really broad. Enlightened eyes discern it. Believers may not cross it. They must be separate, as light from darkness—filth from purity—life from the dreary grave.

There is much mercy in the strict command. Come, mark this. The climate of the world checks growth in grace. True godliness is a tender plant. It cannot thrive, when nipped with chilling winds. A clinging weed destroys the opening flower. A coiling serpent sucks the heart-blood. Rough contact blunts an edge. Thus the world injures souls. It must be left, or holiness will sicken—wither—die. The sun of Solomon goes down in clouds of shame, because his swerving heart declined to pleasure's lure. Love therefore warns. "Be not conformed." Rom. xii. 2.

The world stands forward, as Christ's open foe. It wages an incessant war against pure truth. Is it not then a traitor's part to hold close converse with the adverse camp? Is it not shame, and worse than shame, to take familiar counsel with a rebel host? He cannot raise the banner of the cross, or march to victory by Jesus' side, who wavers between hostile ranks. Love cries again, "Come out,"—"Be separate." The true believer glories in his Lord. In every company, act, and step, he is to show the livery of his King. It is false witness to adopt the language of an alien race. It is desertion of the

holy service, to take the garb of a strange household. Can Moses live, as an Egyptian prince? He chooses hardships, that he may testify allegiance to the cause of God. "We are the salt of the earth." But mixed with filth, the salt will lose its savour.

All usefulness is slain, when Christ is left. It is a common sneer, that saintliness is a mere pretence, and faith is but hypocrisy's disguise. Suspicion fastens on the wavering steps. The world, with all its blindness, quickly reads the language of the life. It slowly credits a consistent saint. But soon, how soon, it derides inconsistent walk! In such case, zeal is a pointless arrow and a broken bow. No argument—no eloquence—no diligence prevails. Words, which seem insincere, touch not the heart. No teacher really teaches with a doubtful fame. Therefore Jesus says, "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." John xvii. 14.

Believer, ponder well these obvious thoughts. Would you know peace, as an unfailing stream? Would you pluck joys from ever-verdant boughs? Would you from morn till night bask in the sunshine of Christ's smile? Would you have happy consciousness, that every step is an ascent towards heaven? Would you be cheered with the sweet hope, that life is not a barren field, or summer brook? Would you pour comfort into many hearts, and wear at last a diadem of saved souls? If such be your desires, avoid the poison of the world. If you tread down the barrier line, if you stray out beyond the fold's wide fence, you wrong your soul—you bring reproach upon the Lord—your days will be uncertain sound—your memory will be no instructive page. Cling to the confines of the cross. There is no blessedness without.

But this rule of meats did more than cause the Jews to

dwell alone. It forced unceasing vigilance. It placed them in the tower of constant circumspection. It always whispered in their ears, Beware. Their eyes could scarcely look around, without the thought of God's dividing line. Each object of their touch was "Clean or Unclean."

The lesson is most obvious. We thus are taught at every step to ask God's will—at every moment to inquire, Is this a lawful path? It is a grievous error to suppose, that each minutest matter is not the seed of some results. The circumstance of every moment affects the soul, and so affects the endless state. The stamp, "Clean or Unclean," belongs to every movement of each mind—to every act throughout each day. Reader, learn hence to cultivate a watchful course.—Apply a constant test.

When thoughts arise, (and multitudes, which baffle number, hourly pass the threshold of the heart) examine them in Gospel-light, and let none linger, which are found to be unclean. In converse, words roll forth—many as drops in the fast-flowing tide—each is according to God's will, or adverse to His mind. Pause, and reflect. Pause, and uplift the prayer, "Set a watch upon my mouth, and keep the door of my lips." Let all be checked, which go not forth, as Clean, to minister pure grace.

No ground is neutral. We always stand in right or in wrong path. Hence the enquiry should often sift the soul, "What doest thou here?" Is "Clean or Unclean" God's judgment of this place? This line, when drawn by Scripture-rule, would sweep God's children from many a contaminating spot.

No book is so insipid, as to have no character, and leave no tinge. How many trifling offsprings of the worldly pen would

find an early and unknown grave, if the enquiry, "Clean or Unclean," were solemnly applied. Let, then, the truth be settled in each mind, that there is no indifference on earth. Each moment flies on high, recording, "Clean or Unclean," concerning life's employ.

Reader, another thought demands reply. Your soul, your precious soul, your never-dying soul, Is it "Clean or Unclean?" By nature it is the vilest filth. All Adam's race flow forth, as unclean waters from an unclean spring. But are you cleansed? Do you live bathing in a Saviour's blood? Are you the mansion of His purifying Spirit? Jesus can cleanse from every sin, and He alone. Cleave then to Him. The Spirit sanctifies, and He alone. Seek His indwelling. Now is the only cleansing day. The door will soon be closed. "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still." Rev. xxii. 11.

THE CHILD-BIRTH.

"This is the law for her, that hath borne a male or female." Lev. xii. 7.

THIS chapter brings us to new fields of thought. The curtains of domestic life fall back. A mother and her new-born babe appear. Where is the mind, which can turn heedlessly away? Where is the heart, which will not pause and melt? In this event being begins, which never can have end.—Such is the fact, and it speaks solemnly.

The cradled infant is but a tiny rill. It scarcely seems to trickle. But it must onward flow, until its waters form an ocean without bottom—without shore. A tender blade just sprouts, but roots must deepen, and boughs spread, through the expanse of an interminable age. Each birth is deathless increase to the world of spirits. A new eternity gains life.

Reader, these magnitudes are yoked to every mother's babe. What scales can weigh the value of each child? What can be brought to counterpoise its price? Pile suns on suns—bring all the treasures, which all nature holds—ransack all mines of choicest ore, their wealth—though large—is finite. But here is a new infinity. Offspring, which once breathes, runs far beyond all time, and outlives all the glory of all worlds.

Thus solemn is the scene. Next God's voice sounds beside the Jewish cradle. Solemnity becomes more solemn. What

are its accents? Is its call to gratitude and joy alone? Is its design to kindle praise for peril past, and dear addition to the family delights? Not so. It writes pollution on child-bearing.

It sentences the mother, as unclean. It bars her from intercourse of social life and pious rites. It bows her head in shame. It dooms her, as though some leprous spot was seen, to solitude's retreat. Lev. xii. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Reader, reflect. What is the moral of this rule? Is it our wisdom to enquire. True, ceremonial stains have long since ceased. True, legal offerings no more can cleanse. The Gospel-rays scatter all twilight mists. But principles have undying root. The cause, which then existed, still survives. Mothers in every age are virtually addressed.

But why is shame the twin of every offspring born?

Behold the infant, and receive reply. What is its nature, character, and taste? Let not fond feeling shrink from weighing it in scales of truth. Is it a little innocent—conceived in purity—and shaped in holy mould? Are its materials clean?

It is indeed a wondrous fabric. But what is the quarry, which supplies its parts? The tender frame contains the germ of countless passions—multitudinous desires and thoughts—as many as the ocean's sands. Are these the germs of godly life? Do they give promise of ripe fruit for God? If so, the birth is holy: and bearing mothers should not bear the brand of shame.

But facts show not this smiling face. The babe is sinful produce of a sinful race. Corruption's seal is fixed upon its brow.

Reader, trace back the cause. Return in thought to Eden's terrible offence. When our first parents fell into sin's mire,

What a tremendous change changed their entire being! Innocence for ever died in man. Infiquity, as a conqueror, claimed the captive land. The fountain-head received deep poison. No drop could henceforth issue, free from taint. The root of human life is rotten to the core. All sprouts have evil taste. Nature was spoiled of God's fair image. What nature no more has, it can no more bestow. Its properties are guilt: and guilt alone can be imparted by it. From Adam's fatal passage into Satan's realms, each child is Satan's bondslave. Each birth now propagates corruption. Hence she, who bare, is warned to bend, as bulrush in the vale. She must sit solitary as unclean.

There is strong need to show the case, without deception's mask. Nature is prone to partial love. She sees her own with an admiring eye. She pictures infants, as fair purity's abode. But it is never gain—it rather is great loss—to trample upon truth. No flowers of profit can be plucked from error's barren branch. The wise man finds his happy seat at Scripture's feet. His only guidance is: "Thus saith the Lord."

Let then, no mother, while she clasps her babe, deck it in robes of visionary innocence. Her love makes it no lovely object in God's sight. Affection's estimate is not the estimate of heaven. A soul, indeed, is born to immortality. But let its birth state be distinctly seen. It brings no soul-life with it. Nature gives various senses—but no sense of God. The heart has neither eye to see, nor ear to hear, nor foot to seek, the upward path of life. Each feeling has a bias to transgression's ways. Leave but the child to the inbred desire, and evil—only evil—will be sought. When choice can choose, it will take Satan's yoke. When hands can handle, they will

grasp his tools. When lips can speak, his language will be learned. When feet can run, they will rush headlong towards hell. So wisdom teaches. So experience finds,

Will then the mother say, alas! that such a life has birth from me? Faith speaks not thus. It knows, that there is remedy for all this ill. It looks to Christ, and fears recede before hope's dawn. Apart from Christ, the babe must enter on a voyage of woe, and pass through troublous billows to the whirlpool of despair. Apart from Christ, its course must be one flow of misery: its end one gulf of ruin. But if Christ looks on it with love: if He receive it to His arms of grace; then neither thought can think, nor words proclaim, how blessed is a birth on earth!

Think what Christ grants. There is a merit in His precious blood, which wipes out all sin's stains. There is a refuge in His wounded side, which screens from wrath and curse. There is a beauty in His glorious righteousness, which is fit mantle for the courts of heaven. He can send forth the Spirit's power, to breathe new life into the dead-born soul. He can remove the blindness from the eye:—the deafness from the ear:—the torpor from the heart. He can convert the stone into the tender soil, in which all fruits of godliness shall spring. He can burst Satan's iron yoke. He can keep pure from all temptation's snares. He can make earth an upward flight to heaven. He can present the spirit blameless before God. Through His transforming might, that child of wrath may brightly shine a jewel in redemption's crown. Through His all-saving work, it may sing sweetly in the realms of light

There is such hope in Christ. He is the treasury of full, rich, blessed, glorious grace. The second Adam more than repairs the damage of the first. He snatches from the lowest

depths. He raises to the highest heights. He can exalt to all that heaven contains.

Prayer is the Christian mother's stronghold. It is a golden key to unlock God's treasury. Faith's importunities prevail. Mighty desires, which cannot sit down mute, spring from above, and will not fail. The Spirit pleads within such wrestling heart: and all His pleadings reflect the mind of God. The offspring of much prayer is loved in heaven, ere it is loved on earth. Scripture writes not in vain, how interceding parents ever gained their suit. They cry. Christ hears, and smiles, and answers;—and His answers are, Satan despoiled, and saving grace bestowed. When nursing is one strong petition, the child is nestled in Salvation's arms.

Faith next draws comfort from the baptismal font. Christ gives a special ordinance, to which new-born may come. It is a token of His early care. It is a seal of His adopting grace. Herein we read a tender Saviour's tender heart. Is it His will, that infant offspring should be as outcasts in vile nature's waste? Sacramental provision slays such doubt. We see His arms out-stretched—we hear His urgent call, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." This rite abounds in hope. It is no mocking form. It is ordained, as means of grace. Cast out the thought, that infancy excludes the Spirit's breath. If wilful sin be no impervious bar: much less the fault of an inherited disease. Jeremiah's heart began to beat with sanctified pulse. The Baptist's second birth was scarcely younger than the first. The God, who blessed them, is always one. Mercy has trod this early path, and may tread it again.

Christian mother, proceed to educate your child for Christ. So soon as thoughts begin to flow, they must have channel.

Why should that course be nature and not grace? What, though the tender mind be weak for argumental proof? The truths of Jesus are not arguments, but facts. The precious truths of life's high tree may fall down into childhood's lap. The tender Shepherd—seeking a lost lamb—and dying on the cross to buy it from a robber's hand—and washing it in streams from His own side—and feeding it in verdant pastures—and bearing it in His strong arms—and loving it with constant love—and raising it to a bright home, are thoughts, which weakest minds can grasp. These, when once grasped in saving power, can never be completely lost. Let the first lesson be the love of God—the grace of Christ—the Spirit's present help. Let the young eye be early turned to Calvary's dying scene. Let memory's page take its first lines from Jesu's life. Let thought's soft tendrils be entwined around truth's stem. Then, through rich mercy, there is solid hope, that the child born on earth, is born an heir of heaven. Corruption's seed will not prevail. Satan's chains will fall. The unclean will be cleansed. The Child-birth thus adds citizens to heaven.

The infant in the Jewish lap reminds of other truth. If it be son, the days of the maternal shame are less. If it be daughter, the unclean period is double. Lev. xii. 2, 4, 5. We may not pass this difference unmarked. The cause seems hidden from a casual glance. But thought, which dives into the ocean of God's mind, is here soon carried back to Eden's guilt, and the first act of sin. It was the woman, who first listened to the serpent's wile. Her mind first went astray. Her will first lusted. Her hand first touched. Rebellion in the man was inexcusable offence: but woman's transgression beckoned to the snare. There is no difference in the sin. The guilt of each is infinite in dye. But there is slight difference

in order of event: and a recording rite keeps this in memory's view. The stamp of lengthened degradation was fixed on each female birth. Sin's entrance was thus marked. Hence the foul misery is more abhorred. Hence the one remedy is more loved.

When the appointed days of shame are past, the excluding barrier is solemnly removed. Especial rites are ordered. Two-victims are now slain. The one, as a burnt-sacrifice, blazes on the altar. The other is an offering for sin. Lev. xii. 6.

The Gospel here speaks loudly. Defilement cannot cease, without blood shed. A dying Saviour must atone, before sin vanishes, and the sinner is brought back to God.

Reader, you are unclean. There is no act—no word—no thought of any day, which is not dark before God's eye. But Jesus is near, and able to make pure. Wash, and be clean. Wash, and be reconciled. Wash, and be welcomed to receiving arms. Wash, and look upward to a Father's smile. Wash, and look onward to a Saviour's throne.

THE PLAGUE OF LEPROSY.

"The leper, in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall cry, Unclean, Unclean." LEV. xiii. 45,

THE mercy of mercies is a Saviour given. But a Saviour given is a Saviour scorned, until deep need is felt. Hence mercy superadds a gracious work. It paints a man's malady in hideous tints. It drags the lurking monster to clear light, The conscious sufferer thus sees his plague, and hastens to the healing fount. The Leprosy subserved this end.

They err, then, who see nought, but judgment in this foul disease. Keen was its woe. No cup of misery held more bitter drops. But still its voice allured to peace. It showed, in a long train of emblem, the complex loathsomeness of sin, that hence the evil might be more abhorred. Thus when the time was come for Israel's sons to gain new insight of redemption's scheme, this malady appeared, as admonition of soul-sense. Thus, too, when the great Healer trod our earth, the frequent Leper received aid. The outward misery taught a deeper plague, while ready cure cast light on saving grace.

This malady crept on with stealthy step. It was not easily discerned. Here human skill was blind. The art most conversant in signs of sickness, traced not these symptoms. Wisdom from on high was needed. The sanctuary must be sought.

The anointed Priest must search. His mind alone could ascertain. His lips alone could manifest the case.

Reader, turn now to that deep evil—sin. Its poison lurks within the veins. Its deadly venom spreads throughout the frame. Its deathful work is running on. But nature feels it not. The world has no detecting eye. Poor reason views it with no shuddering glance. The self-pleased fancy boasts of fancied health. Death is began, when all seems life. The plague devours, but ignorance sees not.

The dream must last, until a power beyond man's shall rouse the sleeper. This is the Spirit's sole prerogative. He only can convince of sin. He only can reveal the inborn and defiling sore. He works this knowledge mainly by the Word. In sanctuary hours, or in the stillness of retired thought, He sets the soul before the mirror of God's law. He tears away the blinding scales. He opens sightless eyes. What follows? The sinner starts. A frightful spectacle appears. It is the hideousness of polluted self. Soundness is fled. Health and fresh beauty lie, as a withered leaf. He stands revealed one noisome mass of wide-spread misery. The light from heaven shows Leprosy throughout. The unsuspected filth is no more hid. Thus when God's voice is heard within, the conscience answers, I am vile. Was it not so with Job? He plumed himself on moral rectitude, and upright walk. By outward hearing he had some surface-notions of his God, and therefore only surface-notions of himself. But when his opened eye beheld heaven's truth, he quickly saw the loathsomeness of self. His Leprosy was clear. His piteous cry confessed, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Job xlii. 6. Isaiah's case bears further witness. In soul he was a Leper: but he knew it not, till revelations met him from above. The

brightness of the Lord shone forth. The blackness of poor man was the dark contrast. Hear the contrition of his humbled spirit, "Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." Is. vi. 5.

Through many years Paul boasted of his blameless life. He felt no conscience pains. He seemed some lovely tree, whose branches bowed with golden fruit. He thus portrays himself, "I was alive without the law once." I knew not my Leprous state. But the Priest searched me with a penetrating eye. "The commandment came." It probed me to the soul. Then "sin revived." The malady, which slept, started to giant life, "and I died." He felt the Leprosy's entwining grasp. In agony he sighs, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death." Rom. vii. 24.

Reader, it may be, that self-ignorance locks you in its dark cell. Listen, I pray you, to this warning voice. Oh! perish not self-murdered. Reject the opiate of fancied soundness. Sleep not to death on poppied pillows of false health. Think of the multitudes, who knew not, that the plague had seized them, till they awoke in dungeons, where cure never comes. Bring heart, and thoughts, and ways, and life, to the true standard of the Word. Sit down beneath its all-revealing beams. Consult not the world's counsel. Take not its faulty measure. Call in the faithful witness, which neither errs nor leads astray. View self in Scripture-mirror. What, though the sight shall humble you to dust? Go on. Shrink not. Self-knowledge is a step towards Christ. The malady perceived leads to the malady relieved. Sin, when thus felt, extorts the cry, "Heal me, and I shall be healed."

The sufferer hears the Priest's condemning voice. He is pronounced Unclean. He goes forth. He tastes no more the joy of social scenes. Shunning and shunned, he hides himself in gloom. His aspect, his whole mien, proclaim the misery of his downcast heart. Earth cannot find a picture of more woeeful woe. His clothes are rent. His head is bare. A covering hides his upper lip. And when the hollow voice must speak, it sounds the plaintive knell, "Unclean, unclean."

These marks write fearfully the wretchedness of sin. The clothes are rent.—This meaning is distinct. It is the signal of the bitterest grief. The Scripture-page gives many proofs. Jacob beholds the blood-stained coat of Joseph. His son, his much-beloved son, is surely slain. Did ever heart so bleed? All comfort fails. In token of his live-long woe, he rends his clothes.

It was a mournful day, when David and his subjects followed Abner's bier. The public sorrow must be publicly displayed. The king's command was, "Rend your clothes." 2 Sam. iii. 31.

Message on message followed fast to Job, and each was burdened with a heavier note. His goods are a wild wreck—his sons all slain. Deep waters overflow his soul, and a rent mantle proves a heart forlorn. Job. i. 20. Thus where sorrow's wounds were deep, the tattered robe proclaimed the inward state.

Reader, should not he grieve, who feels the burden of his guilt? What sorrow is like his? The loss of righteousness is more than loss of property and friends. There is no ruin like the frown of God. Shall not his eyes then weep, who hates himself—who dares not look to God—who has no resting-place on earth—no resting-place beyond? There is

no Leprosy like sin. There is no Leper like the sinner. Shall the Leprosy be clad in tattered garments—and shall not sin sit mourning in the dust?

The head must bend uncovered. This was the attitude of lowly shame. Job felt abasement and bewailed, “He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head.” Job. xix. 9. The bereaved Aaron may show no sign of degradation. Therefore the command is, “Uncover not your heads.” Lev. x. 6.

In the poor Leper thus despoiled, we see how sin inflicts an ignominious brand. Should not shame’s home be on the sinner’s brow? Hear Ezra’s piteous wail, “O my God, I am ashamed, and blush to lift up myself to Thee, my God.” But why this shame? “Our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up unto the heavens.” Ezra ix. 6.

Is there disgrace in folly—in rebellion—in ingratitude—in disobedience to a tender Father’s rule? These lines all centre in the sinner’s heart. His life is one mistake. Is not that folly? His rebel hands are raised against the King of kings. His hardness hates a blessing God. His impious feet tread down a loving Father’s will. Thus sin and shame are linked. Our guilty parents haste to hide themselves; and Paul’s bold challenge is, “What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? Rom. vi. 21.

A covering hides his upper lip. The muffled mouth is sign, that silence is enjoined. The sorrowing and the shame-stricken find their utterance choaked. This marked the prophets, from whom God withdrew. “Then shall the seers be ashamed, and the diviners confounded; yea, they shall all cover their lips, for there is no answer of God.” Mic. iii. 7. Sin should be mute. While faithful lips abound in prayer,

and send forth songs of praise, and tell in gladsome strains the wonders of redeeming grace : what are the sinner's sounds ? His throat is an open sepulchre. Let, then, that sepulchre be closed. His words sow seeds of evil. Let, then, those words be checked.

But if some passing steps draw near, a piteous warning must be heard. A doleful mutter sounds the repelling note, "Unclean, unclean." Approach not. There is pollution here, "Unclean, unclean."

Reader, close not your eyes to sin's intense malignity. It is unutterable filth. See the priest Joshua before iniquity passed from him. He stood filth-soiled before the Angel. Zech. iii. 3. A true word paints our nature state, "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Is. lxiv. 6. The heart is every foul bird's cage—the spring of every impure desire. The waters, which flow forth, are rank pollution. The hands touch but to soil, The feet leave impress of defilement. The sinner speaks, and noxious blight flies round. His words, his looks, his ways, his life, bear one black stamp, "Unclean, unclean."

The Leper is cast out from social life. No home may welcome him. No friendly hearth may cheer. His dwelling is far off from men. In solitary loneliness he pines. No station gains exemption. A Miriam must be shut out. Num. xii. 14. Kingly Uzziah must dwell apart. 2 Kings xv. 5. Ah ! sin, what hast thou done ? Let sinning angels, driven from heaven's light, reply. Let multitudes, who know not the ecstasy of close communion with their God—who walk not in sweet company with Zion's sons—whose hearts ascend not on the wing of social praise—who share not the holy fellowship of common prayer—who kneel not delighted at the consecrated

board : let these sad exiles from the heaven-bound flock, tell the lone miseries of their desert-life.

But is this all ? Death is at hand. Eternity is near ; a gulf will then for ever part the filthy sinner from salvation's blessed throng. God is afar off : He cannot be reached. Jesus is high above. There is no longer access to His arms. Heaven's gates are barred. The saved are all within—within for ever. The lost are all without—without for ever.—Thus the Leper stands an emblem of sin's deathful plague.

Reader, why are these frightful colours laid ? Why is the sight thus brought before your eyes ? Is it, that hopeless horror may affright ? Is it, to sink you in despair's abyss ? Far otherwise. Mercy here scares you ; but it is to mercy's arms. The great High Priest is near. He comes to earth with "healing on His wings." He cries to every weary, heavy-laden soul, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." You need not be an outcast from His flock. He bids you nestle in His wounded side. He gives His blood to purify each taint. His remedy is ready and is sure. Take it. Oh ! take it, and be whole. Turn not from His outstretched hand. Hark to His cry, I will make you clean. Rest not, till adoring lips reply, Great Lord, Thy touch has touched me, and my plague is stayed.

THE CLEANSING OF THE LEPER.

"This shall be the law of the Leper, in the day of his cleansing."
LEV. xiv. 2.

No earthly skill removed the Leper's shame. He pined in woe, until compassion smiled from heaven. When God's time came, the dreary trial ceased, and the gay spring of health put forth its bud.

The case of sin is similar. The plague runs on, until free grace relieves. God is the first, throughout Salvation's work. He wills. He speaks. The sinner hears the inward voice, and seeks the cross, and in the cross finds renovated life.

The Leper's misery had been a long, dark night. What must have been his joy, when the bright morn of cleansing came!

Reader, learn here, that there is happiness brighter far, than bodily relief. Soul-cure is cure of cures. The sense of pardon—the Father's smile—the hope of glory—the Spirit's fellowship, are the supremest bliss. The heart, which Christ has healed, is the fair garden, in which unfading pleasure blooms. Earth's happiest sons are they, who are God's sons in Christ. They, who are one with Him, have fixed their tents on loftiest summits of delight.

Full of these thoughts, approach the Leper's various cleansing rites. They are as streams, from many a mountain

brow, all meeting in one ocean lap. They are, as rays from distant points, combining in one central blaze. They are, as different notes, uniting in one choral swell. All point to Christ, and testify, that "Christ is all."

The priest alone pronounced unclean, and he alone can now pronounce the cure. But how can meeting be? The tainted sufferer is an outcast from the camp. He may not seek the tabernacle-court. Therefore the priest will leave the gates, and hasten to the spot, where lonely misery sits. Lev. xiv. 3.

Here faith discerns the willing flight of Jesus to our earth. His throne is heaven. His abode is light. His dwelling is bright glory. But the poor sinner mourns below. Can Jesus turn away? Oh! no. He scorns not to put on our flesh. He counts it joy to seek the lost. The way is long—the ignominy deep. But toil and shame cannot obstruct. Need calls. Jesus draws near. Reader, shall He leave all for you, and will you not leave all for Him? His self-devoting zeal chides man's self-murdering sloth.

The cleansing rites must now be closely viewed. Spirit of light, reveal them in true light! Our eyes are blinded, till aid comes from Thee.

Clean birds are brought. In number they are two. One is death-doomed. Its trickling blood descends into an earthen vessel filled from the running stream. The other is plunged beneath the blood-dyed water, and then sent forth with dripping wing towards heaven. A bunch of hyssop is next bound with scarlet-wool unto a cedar staff. With this the blood is seven times cast upon the meekly bending man. Lev. xiv. 4, 7. These birds are Christ. One sign is narrow to show all His work. Collect all types:—He is the truth of each, and far more than the truth of all. One bird is slain. Oh blessed

news! Our Jesus dies. Think, O my soul, your joy—your peace—your hope—your heaven, spring from a Saviour's grave. Your life is forfeited through sin. Stern justice draws the sword. The outraged law frowns ruin. You see the vengeance, and you hear the threat. But still you tremble not. You calmly point to Jesus and the accursed tree.

You know the refuge of the wounded side. You rightfully maintain that you are free. Christ's death is paid, that you may never die. His life is given, that you may live for ever. Blood is outpoured, which outweighs every claim. Rejoice—give thanks—sing praise. Through death, you tread down death. The cross uplifts you to eternal day.

The other speeds all red towards heaven. The dying Jesus is sin's death. The ascending Jesus is Salvation's life. The grave restores—Heaven's courts receive Him. The gates lift up their heads. The everlasting doors unfold. The King of Glory enters in.

My soul be wise—stretch, too, your upward wings: pierce intervening clouds: dwell at heaven's gate: gaze on the work within the veil. Christ ever stands before the throne. You live because a living Saviour prays. Hence rising sins are pardoned, because a risen Advocate pleads. Hence heaven awaits you, because a Forerunner holds possession for you.

Seven-fold sprinklings from the cedar wand then follow. A distant Saviour is a Saviour none. A remedy far off removes no ill. The mighty benefit must be applied. The heart must know—the conscience feel—the life proclaim, that Christ is formed within. By varied means God brings the sinner into contact with the cure. Mainly the preacher's voice is used. Ye ministers of Christ, behold your work. Souls sit before you, waiting to be cleansed. What is it, that you scatter

round? What is the cedar—what the hyssop, which you wave? Are your words dipped in blood from the Redeemer's heart? You often mourn that the flock's leprosy abides. You seek their health, but still disease pollutes. May it not be, because your lips drop scantily the healing dew? No Leper could be clean, until the blood fell seven times on him. No soul stands pure, until the stream from Calvary imbue it. Sermons should be as drippings from the cross.

Next all his hair is shaved away, and all his garments washed. Lev. xiv. 8. Nothing is kept, which harbours seed of re-appearing plague. Believer, heed the lesson. It is wisdom's voice. Faith grasps a pardon, and wins endless bliss. But still the Adam-nature lives. Your present dwelling is in infection's clime. The flesh still lusts to evil. Sin daily strives to roll you in the mire. Open your eyes. Flee from each tempting circumstance. Avoid each slippery path. If there be place, or book, or man, or trade, which draws from God, or slopes the way to fall, shun them, oh! shun them, as contagious nest. The offending eye, though needful, must be closed for ever. The offending hand, or foot, though useful, must be cut off. Reprieve is ruin. The loss is gain. The pain is joy. That most befriends, which keeps out sin. That injures most, which re-admits our deadliest foe.

Six days elapsed and then this cleansing is renewed. Lev. xiv. 9. While the believer lives, a watch-tower is his place. Occasions will return. The ebbing tide will flow again. The mortifying knife must still be used. While the foe plots, the shield and helmet may not be laid down. David seeks ease, while warriors fight, and David finds, that his leprosy still lives. Peter is warned to watch and pray, but Peter slumbers, and the bait succeeds.

This teaching volume holds more pages yet. Lev. xiv. 10, 13. Fresh rites ensue. More victims yet must bleed. Reader, mark here the Spirit's loving heart. He never wearies to exhibit Christ. He multiplies, to win us to the pardoning cross. Did the Burnt-offering bring forth Christ wholly wrapt in flames of unremitting wrath? A Burnt-offering must now blaze. Did the Sin-offering show sin's hateful filth? A Sin-offering must now die. Did the Trespass-offering cast more light on the redeeming work? Did the Meat-offering change the scene, and give another aspect of the cross? Trespass-offering must now be added. Meat-offering must now be brought. All signs are sought to magnify, uplift, commend, the glorious work of our atoning Lord. Do any seek for cleansing, without blood? Let such survey this bloodstained chain of rites. Their voice is loud, and clear, and oft-repeated. All sound this note. Apart from Christ—apart from His vicarious pains—there is no cure.

Blood from the Trespass-offering is now significantly used. The priest applies it to the ear, the hand, the foot. Lev. xiv. 14. The mark is written on every extreme point. And why? All parts need cleansing—and cleansing is provided for all parts. Complete remission of all guilt is the grand comfort of the Gospel scheme. Christ is no partial Saviour. He takes away not some, but all our sins. If but one speck remained, there could be no admission to the courts of light. The father's eye can only rest on purity as pure as God. But Calvary's stream makes whiter than the whitest snow. Doubtless each member has transgressed. The ear has readily admitted evil sounds. The door has quickly opened to the poisoning foe. Thus the whole mind has caught infecting taint. But sprinkle the blood, and all is clean. The hand has often been the tool of

Satan. It has done guilty work in his foul service. But there is ready remedy. Wash here, and lift up holy hands, without one fear. The feet, too, often tread the miry paths, and rush unchecked to every scene of guilt. But all this filth must disappear. The vilest sinner, touched by this blood, can silence every accusing charge. Christ brings a pardon, entire throughout, for every sin of all, who flee to Him. Can any hesitate? Will any heart refuse to shout, Blessed be God, for Jesus Christ?

Another rite remains. The priest takes oil—fit emblem of the Spirit's grace. With this again, the ear, the hand, the foot are touched. The rest is poured upon the Leper's head. Lev. xiv. 15, 18. The oil surmounts the blood. The blood obliterates offence. The Spirit purifies the inner man. Where one is seen, all condemnation flees. Where the other lives, the reign of sin is burst. One gives the plea for life. The other meetens for the heavenly home. One is the key. The other forms a fitness to enjoy. Unjustified, man stands without. Unsanctified, he cares not to go in. But pardon and renewal are linked in holy chains. One comes: the other speeds to follow.

As cleansing is complete, so renovation must pervade each part. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." 2 Cor. v. 17. Each member lives anew to God. The ears hear for Him. They gather holy sounds, that holy truth may sink into the heart. The hand, the foot, seek only holy work. The one employ is to show forth God's praise—commend God's ways—advance God's kingdom, and adorn His truth. The wilderness is lovely as the rose. Where thorns and briers once were sharp, the myrtle blossoms, and the fir-tree waves.

Reader, here is a ready test for you. You often hear of Jesus's cleansing work. Perhaps you boast of interest in His cross. But is your hope sincerely rooted in the Gospel truth? Let now this tract enquire. Where are your signs? Fruit proves the nature of the tree. Warmth is the evidence, that fire burns. Light manifests the risen sun. He, that is cleansed, abhors all filth. He, that has put on Christ, shines in the robes of light. The grace, which brings to Christ, imparts new life.

True, there is no condemnation to them, which are in Christ Jesus; but they walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. He, who is truth, proclaims, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me." John xiii. 8. But truth adjoins, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Rom. viii. 9.

Lord, cleanse me throughout with cleansing blood! Lord, fill me throughout with purifying grace!

THE SCAPE-GOAT.

"Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the Scape-goat." LEV. xvi. 8.

THERE is great power in words. A written page imprints distinct ideas. But when the pencil adds its skill, then objects stand in bolder shape. Forms seem to live. The canvass almost moves. So 'oo the tongue may ably tell the wheels and works of a complex machine. But let a moving model play: then intricacies open out: obscurities are clear. The eye stamps every part upon the tablets of the mind.

Transfer these thoughts to Gospel truth. Doubtless each statement there is a pellucid stream: each doctrine is a cloudless sunbeam. The blindness, which discerns not, is the blindness of the lost. But when types pass in long and varied train: when living semblances appear: then deep impressions gain a deeper root.

Reader, such is the teaching of God's glorious book. All modes are used, to manifest Christ Jesus. To see Him is eternal life—to see Him not is ruin's lowest depths. Hence words state facts: and types are joined to words: and images bring in their help. The Bible is a lesson for each class of mental grade. It is a text-book for each mode of thought. Is proof required? Israel's Atonement-day most graphically gives it. What prophets sang: and what apostles preached:

and what the Saviour did, here take a shape, and through the eye impress the soul. Faith looks, and at each moment sees a pictured Saviour. Each sight gives being to some text.

On this day many victims died. The stream of blood flowed deep. Each holy altar and each holy place received the reconciling sign. This visible display attests, that death is the dread curse of sin. Each sacrifice proclaims, that substituted sufferings avail. Sounding this truth, they are as heralds, who precede the Lord. If such be not their mind, they only puzzle and perplex. But year by year these shadowy rites recurred. Their note was to predict. They were as morning stars of a far brighter sun. Effectual aid was not in their premonitory show. They now have vanished. The cross has dug their grave. Their need is past. Christ, their full truth, has once laid down His life. That once is all-sufficient for all the sins of all His happy flock. That once fills to the full the cup of satisfaction. That once seats all the ransomed on the high rock of everlasting pardon. Who then are blind as they, who now renew the sacrifice—once and for ever passed? A bloodless offering is an awful cheat. It robs the cross of its consummate glory. It feigns to re-act what has been done for ever. Mock repetition nullifies the finished work. Judaic rites are Christ foreshown. Romaic man is Christ denied.

But in the service of the atoning day, one part stands singularly forth, and singularly asks survey. Two goats are brought for a sin-offering. The priest receives them at the tabernacle door. Then lots are cast. Man's mind may not select. Some unseen hand takes one for death, and bids the other live as the Scape-goat.

Reader, this scene reveals the council of eternal love.—Before the worlds, God's will called Jesus to the saving work.

Each portion of the scheme was pre-resolved. Each was consigned to His receiving hands. This truth is precious comfort. They, who feel sin, need much to win their trust. They will not grasp a straw. Without credentials, Christ seeks their heart in vain. But when the Father ushers in the Son—when His voice seals the chosen Lamb—then pyramids of doubt sink low. He, whom God sends, is able for God's work. This rock is raised by God. It is enough. It must stand firm. What sinner can ask more?

The sentenced goat then died. Now mark, my soul, the uses of its blood. With this the high-priest ventures within the mystic veil. The mercy-seat receives the drops. The holy tent is also strewn throughout. Seven times the golden altar's horns are touched.

How fearful, yet how comforting, this sight! There is an universal need. There is a co-extensive cure. Man cannot move, but sin moves with him. Man cannot move, where reconciliation cannot come. There is wide remedy for the wide malady. But further mark the Gospel of this blood-red scene. Blood is our purchase-price. Justice has claims. The law has dues. Our debts are countless. Every moment swells the amount. How can we buy our souls from wrath? Our best is only sin. But let all creditors bring forth their books. Christ sprinkles every page. The dreadful writing disappears. Let heaven suspend its scales. Sin's load is an exceeding weight. But here is blood divine. Therefore it out-weighs.

Blood is our peace. Sin seen in its true light—sin felt in its strong power—is misery's misery, and anguish more than scorpion's sting. The broken heart is one abode of woe. The wounded conscience writhes, and cannot rest. But when the Spirit shows the blood, all dread forebodings cease. It proves,

that peace is signed in heaven. It waves an olive-branch throughout the soul. It places pardon in the happy hand.

The blood has a sin-killing power. Sin is a weed with many roots. They widely spread, and ever strive to rise. But touch them with the blood. Let the heart feel, that sin slew Christ, and nailed the God-man to the accursed tree. How can that now be loved, which pierced that brow, those hands—those feet—that side? A holy feeling shudders at the thought. It clasps the Saviour, and treads down His foe.

The blood drives Satan back. There is no place impervious to his tread. There is no moment free from his approach. No palace, and no hut exclude. He has a key for every chamber—every pew. No busy hours are too full for him: no stillness is too still. Nothing can daunt him, but this blood. The messengers of wrath passed not the lintels marked from the paschal lamb. So when this ensign is displayed, temptation starts and flees.

The blood bars hell. Those cells cannot admit a Christ-washed soul. If it be possible, let such approach. The chains refuse to touch. The fires curl back abashed. The gnawing worm can find no prey. The jailor drops his keys. My soul, see to it, that this blood is yours. It is sure safeguard against hell-pains.

The blood removes the hindrances to heaven. Behold the countless multitudes before the throne. All nations—kin-dreds—people—tongues, swell the vast throng. But every robe is white, and every hand uplifts a palm. The question has been put, “Whence came they?” The answer tarried not. “They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” My soul, is not your one desire to join this company, and share their joy? See to it, that

this blood is yours. No other cleansing can remove the heaven-expelling guilt.

The blood fills heaven with songs. The ransomed fall before the Lamb. This is the substance of their mighty song. "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood." Angels swell the strain, "Worthy is the Lamb, that was slain." My soul, is time fast bearing you to raise this chorus higher? It is so, if this blood is yours. They cannot sing above, who have not washed on earth.

But seek again the ritual scene. It changes. The other goat appears. With anxious eye the multitude intently gaze. It is a moment big with results. The high-priest comes. His outstretched hands are pressed upon its head. This attitude is token of transmitted guilt. He then tells out the fearful catalogue of Israel's sins. In sign the substitute receives the mass. What a deep feeling would pervade the camp! How many lightened hearts would say, My burden leaves me. The Scape-goat takes it, and I am relieved.

The laden victim is then led away. It is borne beyond the camp—beyond all sight—beyond the track of man—to the far borders of a desert wild. Released, it disappears in rocks and thickets of an untrod waste. Unseen, unknown, forgotten, it departs from mortal view. It is now buried in oblivion's land.

There is no brighter picture of the full pardon of all sin in Christ. Faith knows this Scape-goat well. Daily it uses the relief. It hides no sin. It cloaks no guilt. It tells out all upon the head of Christ. Thus have I done. Such is my wretched state. But I cast all on one, who waits to bear, and bears it far away. Christ hastens away with the accursed load, and God's all-searching eye can no more find.

Oh precious tidings! Oh heart-cheering truth. The spirit wills, that this full comfort should most largely flow, and hence by frequent testimony He confirms the truth. Is the east distant from the west? Can we move through the intervening space? As we advance the horizon still recedes. Infinite separation infinitely separates. Thus far our Scape-goat bears our guilt away. Ps. ciii. 12.

Can we recover what the ocean buries? No line can reach to the unmeasured depths. It has sunk downward, never to arise. Deep waters hide it, and it must be hid. Such is the grave of sin. Our Scape-goat drowns it in a fathomless abyss. The word is sure. "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Mic. vii. 19.

Can that be seen, from which the eye is turned? Are objects visible, when the front shuns them? Our Scape-goat hides transgression in the distant rear. Is it not said, "Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back?" Is. xxxviii. 17.

Who has not seen a mass of blackening clouds? They threaten to wrap all the skies in one vast pall of night. But suddenly the rays of sun dart forth. The darkness melts—the sable mantle becomes thin—and soon, how soon the gathered mists are gone, and one clear robe of lucid blue decks the pure arch of heaven! Thus when Christ shines upon the mountains of our guilt, they vanish, and no sight can more behold. It is so. Hear the Spirit's voice, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins." Is. xliv. 22.

The tender Shepherd seeks each straying sheep. He never rests, till all be found. But no search finds His people's sins. A land of infinite forgetfulness conceals them. Mark well the word, "In those days, and in that time, saith the Lord,

the iniquity of Israel shall be sought for, and there shall be none ; and the sins of Judah, and they shall not be found, for I will pardon them, whom I reserve." Jer. 1. 20.

The covenant of grace has precious articles. They are all wonder, wisdom, love. The Father draws them :—the blood of Jesus seals :—the Spirit is the witness. This code declares, "I will remember their sin no more." Jer. xxxi. 34. The Scape-goat ordinance confirms the truth. Heaven is holy work remembered—unholy deeds forgotten.

Believer, you need comfort. Drink deeply of this stream of joy. Live pondering this ordinance. Lie down in pastures of delight. Your sins, so many, vile, and hateful, pass to your Scape-goat, and so pass away. Faith thus transfers them. Christ thus removes them. God sees you in the glories of His Son, and thus sees no defect.

Reader, have your hands touched the Scape-goat's head ? If not, your loathsome load remains. Christ, and Christ only can relieve. But Christ neglected is all sin retained. And sin retained is filth and shame. What if death find you so ? What ! Oh ! learn not the reply in hell.

HOLY BLOOD.

"Whosoever man there be of the house of Israel, or of the strangers, that sojourn among you, that eateth any manner of Blood; I will even set my face against that soul, that eateth blood, and will cut him off from among his people. For the life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the Altar to make an atonement for your souls." Lev. xvii. 10, 11.

How solemn is this ordinance's voice! It speaks a stern command. It sets a rigid fence around all blood. No common use may touch. No lips may taste. It is laid up among God's holiest things. All reverence enshrines it. An awful sanctity excepts it from the food of man.

My soul, this is a consecrated spot. Approach it meekly and in prayer.

What, if offence occur? What, if the appetite profanely take? What, if rash hands shall bring it to the board? Then penalty frowns terribly. God's smile withdraws. His favour ceases. Wrath darkens. Excluding judgments follow. The rebel is cut off from among the people.

My soul, terrors frequent this spot. Approach it meekly and in prayer.

But why is blood thus sanctified? No slight design can frame a law so strict. There must be purport—wise as the author—great as the originating mind. It is so. For is not blood the Altar's food? Yes. There is its constant flow. It is the

stream from the expiring victim. It reminds of death, as the desert of sin; and it bears witness, that remission is prepared. Thus it is linked with expiating grace. No eye should see it, without thought of the tremendous curse, and of a substituted sufferer.

Blood then is sanctified, because it points to Calvary's cross. Its instant language proclaims Christ. It shadows forth the wrath-sustaining death of God's co-equal Son. It introduces Jesus bleeding, that souls may live. It is full symbol of the redemption's price. It is clear emblem of the one atoning Lamb.

Thus the grand purport of its sanctity appears. When an enlarged decree gave animals for food, the prohibition was annexed, "Flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat." Gen. ix. 4. So soon as flesh was granted for the board, this sign of expiation was reserved.—From age to age, till the expected Jesus came, the same forbidding voice was heard, Touch not, taste not, the blood. It is devoted unto God. It is most holy unto Him. It pictures out redeeming suffering. It is atonement for the soul.

Reader, the elders of faith's family were thus constrained to note this mark. No day could pass without remembrance of its hallowed end. We live in Gospel-day. The wondrous death is no more veiled in mystic types. We gaze with open eye upon the blood-stained cross. We can approach the fountain opened in a Saviour's side. We may sit down beneath the trickling drops. We may there wash our every sin away. Shall we, thus privileged, fall short in reverence? Forbid it faith, forbid it love, forbid it every throb of every new-born heart.

Come, think for a few moments of the grand antitype—Christ's blood. Ponder its worth—its use—its mighty power—

its unspeakable results. And may the Spirit reveal its glories in their fullest light.

Revere it, for He is great, who sheds. Enter the garden. Stand beside the cross. The sufferer seems a lowly man. Scorn and affliction mark Him, as their own. Man verily He is. If it were otherwise, He could possess no human blood. But is He only man? Oh! no. In that poor body Deity is eased. He is the mighty God. He is the grand Creator, sovereign Ruler of all worlds. Jehovah's plenitude of power is in His hand. Jehovah's every glory is His right. Jehovah's everlasting being is His age. Godhead is His property. Divinity is linked to all His sufferings in flesh, to all His doings in our stead. That blood, then, is the blood of God. *Acts xx. 28.*

If it were less, O sinner, what could it avail for you? Your soul is justly sentenced to infinity of woe; because your sins have trampled on infinity of claims. If all the angels in man's form could die a myriad deaths, the pains would fall short of what you owe. Nothing but boundless substitution can release. Jesus is God, and He brings blood, which is essentially divine. Therefore it is enough.

Turn not your eyes from the grand dignity of Calvary's Lamb. This is the marrow of all Gospel-hope. This brings in merit. God cannot ask, or find, a greater or a worthier price. Oh! bless the Father for this appointed help. Bless Jesus for this all-sufficient aid. Here is an able Saviour, for the blood flows in the channel of omnipotence.

From its grand worth turn to its efficacious work. But here all tongues of men and angels fail. It is a theme, which endless ages of incessant praise must leave untold. It is the ransom-price of all the saved. This multitude is vast. Their

number baffles number. Each entered life the slave of Satan. Each was defiled with darkest stains of guilt. Each owed a countless debt to every attribute of God. But now behold them. Their robes are white. Not one speck spoils. Their penalties are paid. Not one claim can be found. Their chains have dropped. Each adversary's lips are mute. Whence is their freedom? Whence is their uttermost deliverance? Whence is their open passage to eternal bliss? Whence their loud song—their happy praise—their mansions in God's court? The blood has washed, and they are clean. The blood has saved, and they are saved.

It is the peace of all the sons of peace. There was a day when the awakened conscience tossed on the billows of acutest pain. The misery, and filth, and woe of sin were deeply felt. The thundering law denounced its curse. The wrath of God displayed avenging strength. Tormenting flames glared fierce and near. All heaven frowned. All hell seemed gaping at the feet. To live was piercing fear. To die was agony of despair.

But all these clouds have vanished. A bright and lovely morn has dawned. Whence issued forth these cheering rays? They all spring joyously from Jesu's blood. The Spirit led the trembler to the cross. He opened an enraptured eye to see the cleansing stream. He showed its reconciling worth. He gave a living power to the truth, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Is. i. 18. Faith heard, and washed, and left accusing guilt behind. Faith looked, and entered on the pastures of repose.

It is the fruitful source of sanctifying grace. He is the holiest man, whose tent is fixed beside this well of life. He

most flees sin, whose eye is riveted upon the blood. Can he love that, which gave those wounds to Christ? Can he embrace the monster, which pierced Jesu's heart? It cannot be. The sight of Calvary slays the love of sin. The cross unmasks the hideous form, and kindles righteous hate.

O child of God, make this your study. For first, for last, for every thought, here is food. Let morning call you to this view—let mid-day find it your delight—let evening's hours close round it. Here is a depth, which you can never probe—a height, which you can never reach—a length and breadth, which you can never grasp. Angels here fix a prying gaze. They wonder. They adore. But they glean no advantage from it. To you it is Salvation's price. To you it is the gate of heaven. Then study it with intensest thought.

Need I add, love it. Heart's every fibre should here twine. It is the proof, that God loves you, as His own Son,—that Jesus loves you better than Himself. He is not spared that you may be redeemed. Let then this blood sit high on your affection's throne. Hold it tightly in your soul's embrace. Your warmest feelings should here cluster. That mind is rock, which is not melted by such flame.

Need I add, praise it? All lips commend the charms of beauty and heroic deeds. But what is beauteous as grace leading Jesus to the Cross? Where is a noble act, like His surrender of Himself for you? It is the bright display of God-like glory. It shows Jehovah on His highest throne. It has done that for you, which nothing but itself could do. My soul, my soul, praise Jesu's blood.

Need I add, use it? Use it, when? In every hour: for every hour may be hallowed by it. Use it, when temptation's darts are flying round. It is a sure defence. No hell-sent

arrow ever pierced the blood-anointed shield. Use it, when you seek light from Scripture's page. Those lines are brightest, in which the blood is seen. Use it in prayer. It is the plea of pleas. It goes directly to the heart of God, and wins a blessing smile. Use it in sanctuary-rites. That service is cast out, which is not perfumed from this fragrant field. Use it in all your holy work for God. It consecrates the motive, way, and end. Seed, sown in Jesu's blood, brings harvests to heaven's garner. Use it, when death draws near. The chilling waters then recede, and a bright passage opens to God's home. Use it, when seated upon glory's throne. You then need noble theme. This theme is nobly fit for God.

Ye ministers of Christ, if any read, lift high your voices to set forth this blood. Your office is to show Christ's saving power. But can Christ save, apart from His atoning blood? Christ and no cross, is an unmeaning tale. You doubtless long to win souls to salvation. Here is the magnet of attraction. Cast wide this net, and large will be your gain. You strive to lead a righteous flock in holy ways. But flames unkindled will not blaze. Motives must be supplied. The mightiest motive is grateful love resulting from Christ's dying love.

You cannot prosper, without the Spirit's aid. It is His province to apply the blood. If this be cast behind, your helper will depart. Here is safe teaching, which cannot mislead. Here is a truth, with triumph in its hands. If then you would add jewels to the Saviour's crown—use this grand instrument. It can uplift from nature's filth. It can upraise to God's own throne.

Parents and teachers, you have anxious charge. The young drink earliest lessons by your side. You occupy the heart's first ground. The seed sown by you takes deep root. The

colour of your words will tinge the life. Your precepts perish not, when things earthly die. Think, shall your training be a link in glory's, or in perdition's, chain ! It will be so, according as the blood is shown or hid. All knowledge, without this, is splendid folly. He only, who knows this, is wisdom's son.

Reader, pause now, and look within. The blood is precious in God's sight. Its type profaned brought woe. What is their case, who scorn the grand reality ? Think, then, what is its value to your heart ? Can you reply, I prize it above price. It is my all. Ah ! perhaps you hesitate. Its blessed sprinklings are not on your soul. Remember Israel's dwellings. The door-posts without blood were no exclusion to the messenger of wrath. The absent sign gave passage to destruction. But your destruction has not yet arrived. Awake ! Awake ! Flee to this only remedy for sin. How blessed will this hour be, if it see you blood-marked—blood-washed—blood-saved ! Almighty Father, grant it, for Christ's sake ! Compassionate Redeemer, plead till hearts yield ! Resistless Spirit, conquer by these feeble words !

THE SABBATH.

"Six days sha'l work be done ; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, an holy convocation ; ye shall do no work therein ; it is the Sabbath of the Lord in all your dwellings." LEV. xxiii. 3.

LEVITICUS enacts a train of rites. But their immediate purpose is brief and transient. Their life is short. They find an early grave. And now they teach, as records of a by-gone time—as text-books of the Church's youth.

There is, however, a grand exception. In this code the Sabbath holds conspicuous place. But Gospel-beams have not obscured its light. It is no star, which waned before the orb of day. Far otherwise. It arose not a ceremony among ceremonies. Sinai was not its birth-place. The wilderness was not its cradle. Therefore Calvary is not its tomb.

Reader, write this among undoubted truths. The Sabbath is as old as man. Adam's first day was hallowed rest.

The thought may here occur, why was Creation a six-days' work? Omnipotence requires no time. To will—to do—are one with God. Why was a gradual progress used? The reply is, God is wise love. Step succeeds step in forming worlds to sanctify our patient toil. God then announces, that He rests, to sanctify required rest.

Thus with high sanction, and benevolent intent, the Sabbath entered Eden by man's side. In its origin, it stands the first-born of all ordinances. It is a portion of primeval law. Its date precedes the date of sin. Away with the vain thought, that it is a short-lived flower of ritual field.

Reader, next mark how it endured. It flowed a blessing

through the patriarchal age. That period was a foul hot-bed of iniquity. Rebellious hands were raised against God's will. Incessant blows were aimed at righteous law. But all this darkness failed to put out the Sabbath-light. Survey the chain from Adam until Noah. Adam received it. Intimations tell us, that Noah knew it. Therefore the intermediate links must have transmitted it. Eden received the seed. The ark upon the waters held the plant. Noah sends out the dove at intervals of seven days. Hence the conclusion is most sound, that antediluvian times observed the Sabbath-day. It lived, then, a long life before Judaic rites came in.

After the flood, there was extensive space before peculiar ordinances separated Israel's race. Noah and Moses are the extreme points of this line. The first, before the ark is left, recognises, as has been seen, a weekly period. The latter taught, why manna fell not on the seventh day. Hear his clear testimony, "To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord." Ex. xvi. 23. This interval then dawns and closes with recognition of this day. The truth is thus confirmed. The Sabbath ever kept its unimpaired existence. Its stream rolled onward from the ark to Sinai's base. Again observe, its life is long, before Judaic rites come in.

Reader, advance to Sinai. A scene of more tremendous awe cannot be found. The thunder roars. The lightning glares. The mountain totters to its base. Appalling sights—appalling sounds—announce the present majesty of God. He comes to speak, as moral ruler of the world. The law, originally written on man's heart, is re-enacted amid prodigies of terrible display. Now mark what occupies the tables' central spot. It is the Sabbath-day. Thus God's own finger writes it, a portion of His unalterable will.

As such the golden ark within the vail received it. As such a curse attends its least infringement. Who now can turn from Sinai's fiery height, to pluck the Sabbath from its glorious place? It is no passing rite. It is the transcript of Jehovah's mind. It shines a jewel in the high crown of moral law.

When Prophets subsequently taught, did they remit its claims? Their lips denounce each violation, as a heinous sin. Their fervent eloquence repels intruders from the holy ground. They pull not down what God had raised so high. They cannot desecrate what God has permanently hallowed.

Next Jesus comes Himself. The mighty God instructs in human form. Are now the land-marks of this day removed? Is it laid open for promiscuous use. He has authority to bind or loose. As "Lord of the Sabbath," He is supreme. But He puts forth no abrogating power, when He states its purport to be the good of man. "The Sabbath was made for man." Mark ii. 27. This is a mighty word. It looks backward—onward. It seems to say, It always has been, for man always had need. It always shall be, for man will always need. Thus Jesus decks the Sabbath with undying freshness.

He finishes His work, and rises victor from the dead. Prefiguring ceremonies vanish. If the Sabbath's mission be fulfilled, it now will disappear. Is such the case? Far otherwise. A change indeed is made, but only to set the edifice on firmer base, and to bind it more closely to our living Head. The resurrection-day becomes the Christian rest. The same memorial records creation ended, and redemption finished. The same repose reminds of two completed works. The Lord's day tells of rest, when worlds were made:—of rest, when souls were saved.

Next call Apostles to bear witness. They were most jealous

of the Gospel-truth. With open mouth they warn, that the Judaic forms had fallen, as autumnal leaves. But no word from their lips—no thought in their pages—chases the Sabbath from our sight. Oh! no. They keep—they reverence—they commend it. As soon would they deny the Lord, as undervalue the Lord's day.

Reader, review now its position. It is God's first command. The Patriarchs kept it. Sinai preached it. The holy tables gave it central place. The holy Ark encased it. The Jewish church revered it. Prophets enforced it. Jesus upheld it. The Apostles sanctioned it. The Christian church throughout all time has prized it. The prophetic finger still points to it as a last-day blessing. Is. lxvi. 23. Eternity waits to be an eternity of Sabbath.

What, if profane indifference would tread it down? Vain is the effort. It still must live. It has an innate life. The will, which made it, is divine. As in the ark, it rede triumphant over ungodly graves, so now it strides above ungodly foes. It must march on, till time is lost in one Sabbathic rest.

Reader, thus holy is the tree. Come sit awhile beneath its shade. Much precious fruit descends. It showers down rest upon a work-worn world.

Man's body is a wondrous fabric. Its various parts are exquisitely wrought. They are designed for toil. But toil brings strain. Rest must repair the waste. Rest must renew the vigour. Rest must bring oil to the wheels. The Sabbath-day supplies it. "The seventh-day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work." Ex. xx. 10.

Would man give this indulgence to himself? The love of gain,—the reckless lust of profit,—grudges each moment unemployed. It counts it to be miserable loss. Man would

work self to early wreck, and drive self an early skeleton to dust.

Would man grant this repose to man? Heartless task-masters would lash their victims to a ceaseless mill. Work—work—would be the only cry. Work—work—until the enfeebled dying hands could no more move. If God's most positive command scarcely restrains, what would earth be, if left unchecked to human mercy? A dwindled race would fall as blighted buds. Incessant labour would be incessant woe.

Is energy of frame the fruit of seasonable rest? Let every tongue, then, bless the Sabbath's Lord.

But fleshy material is not the whole of man. There is that wondrous inner gift—the mind. There is the chamber, in which thought resides:—the cradle, in which ideas are nursed. Here is our moving mainspring. These fibres are fine. Their edge soon loses point. To overwork them is to destroy. But overworked they will be, unless the Sabbath interpose its calm. Experience often shows the stream of thought run dry, because the seventh-day barrier has been broken down. This respite saves our noblest faculties from premature decay. Let, then, each healthy intellect sing praises to the Sabbath's Lord.

But this day is more than resting-place for body and for mind. It brings refreshing nurture to the soul. It makes not a vacancy to leave it void. It shuts out the world only to make clear room for God. True it is, that the new-born heart lives habitually above. Its whole employ flows in a holy course. But when the Sabbath comes, God is not only mixed in every thought, but God and His work alone are present. The Scripture is the only Book. Things heavenly are the only converse. God's service is the one concern. This day, then, is

the school of spiritual well-being. It keeps alive religion in the world. It checks the hand, which would expel devotion. Now countless multitudes learn the plague of a sin-fettered heart, and hear of Jesus, and turn from misery to joy—from Satan's chain to glorious liberty. These are the hours, when crowds rejoice in views of dying love—in deeper draughts of sanctifying grace—and in larger visions of the eternal weight of glory. Can there be one, who would divert these channels of pure joy? Vain man forbear! Earth, spoiled of Sabbaths, is a rapid road to hell.

The Sabbath serves a higher purport yet. It is much more than outward health. It provides more than leisure to gain grace. Its name and use are emblems of Christ Jesus. As a mirror it reflects His work—His truth. It is a scroll, in which faith reads from age to age, the grandest lessons of redeeming love. What is the Sabbath? It is rest. What is Jesus? He is rest. God rests in Him.—Souls rest in Him. Eternity is rest with Him.

God rests in Him. Each attribute here gains repose. Justice has claims. Each sin is debt, which must be paid. Jesus pays all: and justice is content. Truth finds in Him complete fulfilment of its every word—and asks no more. Holiness is more than satisfied: for every sin is washed from the redeemed, and all shine bright in righteousness divine. Mercy and love here trace a passage for their fullest exercise. Their arms embrace a family of ransomed souls. In Christ they sing an endless hymn, and joy an endless joy. No more is sought. God is well pleased. Christ is this Sabbath throughout heaven.

Souls rest in Him. When once the eyes are open to the realities of sin, the torpor of indifference ceases. "What must I do to be saved?" absorbs the man. Duties, and penitence,

and ritual strictness, present no mountains, which the feet refuse to scale. But efforts like these remove no load of guilt. They guide to no still-haven of repose. The wearied soul becomes more weary. But when the Spirit leads the anxious trembler to the cross, then all disquietude is gone. Here is the needed rest. What more can be required? Jesus brings in one flood of peace. The search is over. All is obtained. Jesus is all for everlasting rest. The husks are left. Refreshing food is found. Faith ceases from all empty drudgery, to take up healthy toil for Him.

Heaven is one ocean of repose. No billow heaves. No storm affrights. No foe can enter. No change can cloud the calm expanse of the unruffled sky. But what is heaven, but to see Christ, as He is — to gaze for ever on His unveiled beauty—to sit with Him—to realize, that never for one moment can there be absence from Salvation's home? Heaven is heaven, because it is an eternal Sabbath by the side of Jesus.

Reader, you see the varied blessings of this day. If every breath were praise, it could not adequately hymn the love, which gave it. Be wise: be wise: and let not Satan rob you of your treasure. He hates the ordinance. He hates its profitable use. He knows, that it stands high, a barrier to beat him back. By many wiles he strives to disfigure it, as a dull and gloomy check to joy. Be not deceived. Can it be dull to walk with God? Can it be gloom to hold communion with the centre of delights? Oh! no. The Sabbath-breaker is the wretched man. His heart condemns him. His unhallowed merriment is gall. His foreboding mind sees pains and tortures, which no rest relieves. The holy Sabbath-keeper lives with God—for God. Can happiness be more?

THE SHEAF OF THE FIRST-FRUITs.

"When ye be come into the land, which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then ye shall bring a Sheaf of the first-fruits of your harvest unto the priest: and he shall wave the Sheaf before the Lord, to be accepted for you." **LEV. xxiii. 10, 11.**

The book of nature is a fruitful study. That heart is dull indeed, which marks unmoved the varied beauties of recurring seasons. But they, who ascribe these lovely scenes to nature's course, pause at the threshold of delight. The infidel's cold creed can thus praise verdant and luxuriant charms. He only gleans real joy, who everywhere beholds the hand, the care, the love, the power, the truth, the wise decree of God.

My soul, bring God into your every view: and then the view is elevating rapture. Trace God in all the produce of the soil, and then the produce is a step towards heaven.

Our tender Father knows, that happiness thrives not, where He is hid. Therefore in all His works He strives to fix attention on Himself. In feeding the body, He would show Himself unto the soul.

But goodness, as in nature's constant stream, may fail to impress. The regularity may rather lull than rouse. Hence in the case of harvest, a solemn rite is added to the Jewish code, to obviate the evil of indifference.

Reader, the teaching of this ordinance now claims your

mind. Come listen to its voice. Mark well its apt solemnities. Receive its sanctifying moral.

When the season of the Paschal-feast returns, the appointed harvest tarries not. The early promise is fulfilled. Gen. viii. 22. The firstlings of the grain are ripe. The fields of barley wave their golden heads.

But shall the gatherers now heedlessly collect their treasure? Shall thoughtless hands now bear the riches to the garner? Oh! no. The Altar must unlock the reaping gate. Hence the first ears are bound, as holy, into a holy Sheaf. The priest with reverence receives, and heaves it aloft towards heaven. He waves it to and fro. A victim is next slain, and then the happy reapers hasten to the crops. Such is the rite. God is thus sought. Then man begins the blessed toil.

Reader, survey this rite more closely. The harvest's first act adores the harvest's Lord. The first grains feed the altar. The first sickle cuts an offering for God. The lesson is plain. The thought of God should precede every work.

Let morning dawn with Him—to Him—for Him. Let prayer be the foundation-stone of each design. Nothing is well done, except begun in God. All is disorder, unless the First be first.

The priest uplifts the Sheaf on high. The First-fruits represent the entire produce of the fields. This is confession, that all earth's yielding is the property of God. Without His will no seed takes root—no blade appears—no stalk ascends—no grains mature. Man's toil and care may be employed, but all the power is divine. Where then is foolishness like his, who fondly dreams, that he is lord of lands? The richest hands hold nothing but a loan. Let that, then, which is God's, and only His, be wholly His.

The Sheaf is then waved to and fro. It floats from east to west—from north to south—as traversing the globe. This motion warns, that every spot, in every clime, is God's. His is an universal sway. In every land one sovereign owner reigns.

In this solemnity the offering is small. He, who might justly claim the whole, takes but one Sheaf. The large abundance remains for man's supply.

Thus, while a bounteous hand fills our garners; while valleys bend with corn; and clouds distil their fatness; the Giver makes His small demand. All must not be consumed on self. The poor need food. The shivering cry for raiment. The famine of the Word must be relieved. The heathen perish for the bread of life. Such are the claims on our First-fruits. Will any rush to copious crops, and grudgingly withhold God's Sheaf?

Reader, mark next, the Paschal sacrifice introduces the Wave-sheaf. A firstling of the flock, too, without blemish, accompanies the offering. A Gospel-truth here shows its light. The hand, which would bring gifts to God, must first be washed in the atoning stream. In every service God's eye looks for His Son's blood. If this be present, sure acceptance smiles. If this be absent, stern rejection frowns. The worldling's heart may throb a grateful throb. But it cannot approach in nature's filth. He must be cleansed, or he can gain no access. And nothing cleanses, but the blood of Christ. Cain would not live without some homage. But Cain despised the victim. He and his offering were cast out. Reader, let the sweet savour of the cross perfume your thanksgiving. Let this clear mark distinguish your thanks-living. Then all your gifts, and all your life will mount, as welcome fragrance, to your God.

Already we have found rich teaching. But faith asks more. It has an eye, which ever searches for one object. It has a thirst, which Gospel-wells alone assuage. But here Christ's person quickly meets the seeking heart. The name of First-fruits—the day of offering—lead by straight paths to Him. The Spirit's voice is very clear. "Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the First-fruits of them that slept." "Christ the First-fruits: afterwards they, that are Christ's, at His coming." 1 Cor. xv. 20, 23. These First-fruits, then, distinctly picture Christ.

The day of offering next seals this truth. On the morning, which succeeds the Paschal Sabbath, the Sheaf is waved. On this same dawn Jesus arose, avowing himself the antitype. Faith, then, has solid ground, when here it chiefly sees the Lord.

Following this clue, let us now gaze on Jesus in this type. The Sheaf relates a tale of triumph. It brings back thought to a seed cast into the ground. To view, it was a dry and worthless husk. Earth's tomb then buried it. Mighty hindrances assailed it. The frost retained it with iron grasp, and many storms repressed it. At last it raised a living head. Here life gains victory over death.

Thus Christ descended to the grave. Life seemed to be extinct. Corruption threatened to devour its prey. The grave made fast its bars. But every foe is foiled. Death and hell yield. The tomb throws back its portal. The mighty conqueror strides forth alive. He shows himself to God—the First-fruits from the dead.

Believer, now in this Sheaf discern redemption finished by your rising Lord. It was an anxious moment, when the dying Jesus bowed His head. Justice had seized Him. To the

prison He was dragged. In the conflict Satan was strong, while He expired. The anxious heart would anxiously enquire, will He now suffice to pay the countless debts of countless souls? He came—He died—to save: but may He not have failed? But ere the question can be fully asked, behold, He rises: He lives: He comes forth again to God. All claims then must be satisfied: all enemies must be subdued. His resurrection manifests, that all hell's worst is now a broken reed.

Clap then the hands of joy. Raise high the voice of your ecstatic praise. Exult and glory in your waving Sheaf. The book of justice has no charge against you. The dying Lamb has washed the pages clean. Can the stern jailer now detain you? His sceptre lies the shadow of a shade. Jesus, appearing on the third day, is full assurance of redemption finished, and Satan's empire spoiled.

Again behold the Sheaf. It stands alone—but it is not alone. It enters first, but a long train will surely follow. It is the earnest of the coming crop. It tells, that countless grains will soon succeed. Thus Christ is waved, the Head of His blood-purchased flock. His many members all gain life in His life, and triumph in His triumph. The Spirit sees this harvest, when He cries, God “hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.” Eph. ii. 6.

Believer, this mystic-resurrection is long passed. When the Redeemer burst the bands, you rose arrayed in raiment of eternal life. God's eye beams on you, as brought back in Jesus to His home.

Know, too, that the reality is near. Doubt not. Death is to you a conquered foe. It will indeed approach. It will

extend an icy hand. It will take down your tottering house. It will consign you to a narrow cell. It will call worms to do their work. Your body is sin-soiled: let it then be dissolved. But cast away all fears. Death's seeming triumph is a real defeat. It lays you low, that you may rise the higher. It wounds to heal. It weakens to give strength. It mars to bring in fresher beauty. The grave must part asunder. A clarion note will wake the sleeping clay. They, that are Christ's, will rise as portions of His body. But, oh! how changed! The crumbling dust will then shine brighter than the mid-day sun. Decay will bloom into unfading youth. The mortal will be robed in immortality. The fleshy clog will be all spirit.

Reader, our present thought cannot conceive such state.—But it is true, and it is near. The trumpet is prepared to sound. The Lord of life is at the door. Hear these sure tidings in the First-sheaf's voice, and glory in your resurrection-hopes.

But there is more than future rising—there is constant presentation here. This is one marvel of all the Bible-types: each form gives multiform instruction: each ray will split into a variety of colour. So here a changing view reveals the never-failing work of Christ above. The great High-priest is ever standing before God. He there presents—not blood alone—He shows the Sheaf of First-fruits. He displays the many members, who compose His body. Upon His shoulders and His breast the names of all His Israel appear. He pleads, that they are gathered from the world. He offers them, as consecrated for His Father's use. If there is rapturous joy, it is when we look up, and see a Saviour's hands waving our persons and our work to God. If, too, there is glorious pros-

pect, it is the thought, that a great day is flying onward, when the whole mass shall really be reaped from earth's wide field, holy as God—and fit for the eternal throne.

Another thought remains. They, who make boast of Gospel-joys, confirm their right by Gospel-signs. They, who are safe in Jesu's hands, display His mind. They, who rise in Him to a resurrection-state, rise with Him to a resurrection-walk. They move in this world, as "begotten with the word of truth, to be a kind of First-fruits of His creatures." James i. 18. They are no more their own. If God is theirs—they, too, are God's. They love and seek His glory. They wear His livery, and do His service. Ye, who profess, that you are First-fruits unto God, have you these First-fruit marks?

This offering sanctified the crop. "If the First-fruit be holy, the lump is also holy." Rom. xi. 16. Thus the little handful of Christ's band leavens the mass of human race. Believer, see your calling. You are blessed above men, and you must be a blessing unto men. Your family, your friends, your country, the world, must be the better for your being. Your light must lighten—your salt must sprinkle savour—your grace must scatter grace.

Reader, are you these First-fruits unto God?

THE DRINK-OFFERING.

"The Drink-offering thereof shall be of wine." Lev. xxiii. 13.

WHAT a changed scene would earth become, if every heart yielded its throne to Christ ! His smile is life. His lips drop grace. His sway is purity and peace. To realize—I am the Lord's—the Lord is mine—is remedy for every care.

That there is true happiness in piety is among the lessons of the Tabernacle-rites. On most occasions wine is outpoured, within these courts : and a Drink-offering completes the worship. This seems intended to express, that gladness thrills throughout the soul, which renders homage to a reconciled God.

Eternal Spirit, grant Thy revealing rays, that so the Drink-offering may shed enlivening savour round !

Reader, begin by viewing well the offering now brought. There is a cup produced. The contents of this are wine. Can faith hear this, and not fly swiftly to the last Paschal-feast ? Oh ! wondrous sight ! The time is fully come for shadows to recede. The mighty substance brightly shines. He, to whom all types point, at this grand moment, takes a cup full of the juice of vine. Ponder His action—feast upon His words. He uplifts thanks, then gives the vessel to His little flock. "This is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." Matt. xxvi. 28.

At this hallowed feast we safely reach one eminence of truth. Wine is here chosen as a Gospel-sign. It henceforth bears divine inscription. It takes its place among the holiest symbols. "This is my blood." Our hands thus find a key, which opens the mystic treasure-house of the Drink-offering. The vessel holds the choicest emblem of redeeming grace. We may no more behold it, without the prominent remembrance of blood.

Reader, mark the Drink-offering now, and let deep reverence deepen. Its fluid shows that stream from Calvary, which is exceeding preciousness in heaven and earth. Jesus has blood, or else He is not man. Without it, He is no kinsman to our race. He must be man, if He will be man's surety. He must have blood, if He will verily be man. But He assumes it without ceasing to be God. His blood is man's, and yet divine. His blood is God's, and yet human. Mystery of grace! Angels marvel, while they view it. Saints in heaven record its power. Saints on earth plead it, and are saved. My soul, rejoice in it! Love, praise, and use it more. The wine within the cup touches at once these strings of thought.

Next, what is the offerer's act? More is here seen than a cup brought. It is poured out for a sweet savour unto the Lord. Num. xv. 7.

We thus advance to see Christ pouring forth the blood, which He adopts. Until it flows, remission is not bought. Heb. ix. 22. But it is not withheld. See in the garden, how it falls in showers. Behold the sufferer on the cross. His brow—His hands—His feet—His side—His heart, weep as an open torrent. Oh! blessed proof of full atonement made! Without this sight the trembling heart can find no peace. But in these drops we read Salvation finished. The trickling

stream sends forth its voice: the Son of God thus dies—a death divine is thus endured—the Lamb from all eternity ordained is thus vicariously slain.

Children of men, none perish, because Jesus bowed not the head. Myriads rush hell-ward trampling on His cross. Take heed. The blood is shed, that souls may live. But its neglect is all despair. The outpoured wine thus preaches the atoning death.

We now approach the peculiar instruction from this offerer's cup. Wine is the sign of gladness. It speaks of lively, happy feeling. It is not an unmeaning word, "Wine, which cheereth God and man." Judges ix. 13. Thus this one symbol connects blood and joy.

We now are led to the delights, which flow from the redeeming cross. It is expansive joy in heaven and earth.

In heaven—because it clears the way for grace to execute its plans. From all eternity, God willed to people heaven with exulting souls. Before man was, salvation was decreed. But mighty barriers interposed. How can they disappear? Sin sank a fathomless abyss. How can sin-fettered spirits pass? God's council-chamber heard conflicting claims. While mercy wept: stern justice frowned. Truth closed the door, which love would fain expand. But Jesus smooths each hindrance. He brings all attributes to one consent. God now beholds His chosen race complete in Christ, all ready for admission to His throne. His heart desires no more. His banished ones are all brought back. His loved ones are all fully saved. He sits a glorious Father, at a crowded board. Each seat is occupied. The chorus lacks no voice. This is the noble triumph of the cross. God is well pleased. The word is true. The Drink-offering of redeeming blood cheers God.

And do not angels find their share of joy? Their tender hearts yearn tenderly for man. When but one sinner turns to God, there is loud swell in the celestial song. Luke xv. 10. How must the praise roll on, when, one by one, a countless multitude flocks to the cross? This blessedness come all through Christ. Without His death—without His work—Satan retains his sway. Angels might pity, but they could not help. If they should all consent to die, their suffering would leave man lost. But where they fail, Christ gloriously prevails. He saves fully—wholly—everlastingly—a world of souls. Deep is the rapture, then, when heaven's bright inmates shout, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." O my soul, it will be sweet to hear that song. It will be sweeter to respond, Amen. Thus Christ is heaven's delight.

The Drink-offering next shows, that here is man's unfathomable flood of bliss. But where are words to testify the joy of faith? The Spirit pauses, and exclaims, "Unspeakable.", 1 Pet. i. 8. What lips, then, will essay to speak it? It is far easier to count earth's flowers, than the rich jewel of this diadem. But gratitude will strive, where power must fail. God Himself is the believer's overflowing cup. The great Creator—the sovereign Lord of all—becomes the portion of the family of faith. At all times there is access to His smile. The weary head may always rest upon a loving breast. When the lips plead, My Father and my God—my God and Father,—then the full heart can throb no happier throb.

Jesus is in this cup. He invites us to read all His heart. It is a volume of firm love. He loved before the worlds were made. He loves, when worlds have ceased to be. He loves so largely, that He gladly gives Himself. He loves so fervently, that heaven seems vacant, till the redeemed sit enthroned

beside Him. The soul, assured of interest in this love, is on a solid pedestal of joy.

The Holy Spirit is not absent. He is sent forth to bless. He finds the heart dead—cold—vile—rank with nature's weeds. The eyes now open to discern self's filth, and to adore the beauties of the Lord. Faith springs to being, and bounds rapidly to Christ. It nestles in the willing arms. It washes in the streaming side. Each day now dawns a grand reality of bliss. Life is not life, unless thus Spirit-born, and Spirit-taught, and Spirit-led, and Spirit-fed.

Angels hover round. They count it honour to subserve God's blood-bought flock. They shelter with their ministering wings. They cease not guardian-service, till they escort the liberated spirit in its upward flight. Let them exult, who are surrounded by this host of God.

Heaven super-adds its prospects of delight. It is a purchased home. From all eternity it was prepared. Jesus still works to make each mansion fit. As flesh and blood cannot inherit; so mortal mind cannot conceive the awaiting bliss. But there are thrones, and crowns, and robes of white, and palms of victory, and songs of triumph. There is the tree of life, and living fountains, and hidden manna, and no more going out. Faith holds the keys of glory's palace. Shall it not pour out the Drink-offering of joy?

Providence contributes daily peace. To many eyes this is a misty whirl. All seems confusion, without aim, or cause, or purport. Such thought is vanity's fond dream. No sparrow falls without our Father's hand. Each incident acts out a wise decree. Prosperity awakens praise, and brings God nearer to the view. Adversity shows earth's poor emptiness, and self's dependence, and so deepens filial trust. Wealth

gives ability to glorify the Giver. Contracted means endear the heavenly prize. Life is the season to gain grace. Death lands on the eternal shore. Thus all events sow seed of good. Such is faith's Drink-offering cup. It holds all this—and more—much more.

Believer, your Gospel-right is joy like this. God opens wide the gate, and calls you to your heritage. Nay, He commands you to partake. Hark! it is His voice, "Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say rejoice." Phil. iv. 4. If then your head sinks down, when thus enjoined to lift it up, you scorn the Word, and wrong your soul.

The Drink-offering was duly brought by Israel's sons. To have refused, would have been bold rebellion. Is it less evil to go mourning, when God invites to gladness? Would not the angels raise triumphant songs, if Gospel-hopes were placed within their reach? Would they be sad, if called to your estate?

But may not cases be, when joy hangs withered in the Christian hand? It is so, when erring steps stray from the Gospel-path. Joys are luxuriant flowers beside the way of life. But if forbidden ground is sought, the feet are pierced by thorns, and gathering clouds obscure the cheering light. If Satan gain advantage, through prayer checked, or means of grace forsaken, or evil thoughts retained, then gloom and darkness follow.

But there may be return. Child of God, if you have entered evil climate, marvel not, that flowers fade. But still give thanks, that yet you live to mourn. Utter the prayer—which never can go forth in vain—"Restore unto me, the joy of Thy Salvation, and uphold me with Thy free Spirit."—Ps. li. 12.

Reader, you thus see the truth, that joys walk closely by the side of Christ. But they walk only there. We cannot breathe without the air. We cannot see without the light. Fruits ripen not without the sun. The soul is joyless, if it deserts joy's only home.

We see much misery, and hear sad moans. The cause is evident. Christ dwells not in the heart, and therefore sorrow holds it as his own. Learn, that all search for happiness is vain, except in Christ. Apart from Him, God gives it not. He then is a consuming fire. Heaven cannot grant it, for out of Christ there is no channel of conveyance. Some dig for it in the Law's mine. Nothing but curse can thence be brought. So, too, self is a stream, whence bitter waters flow. The world allures to disappoint. Riches bring cares, and often stretch departing wings. Health, friends, and honours, drop the mask, and show a mocking skeleton.

Who can read this, and turn again to vain pursuits? Ye, who know Christ, and long to drive distress and anguish from our earth, the means are ready. Use them—use them. Diffuse the knowledge of Christ's saving name. Open a doof, that God's word may have freer course. Enlarge the Missionary-band. Convey glad tidings to the lost at home—abroad. Let your one effort be to expel sorrow by admitting Christ.

THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.

“Ye shall bring out of your habitations two wave-loaves of two tenth deals; they shall be of fine flour; they shall be baken with leaven; they are the First-fruits unto the Lord.” Lev. xxiii. 17.

No sickle moved in Israel's land before the wave-sheaf had been brought. God's bounteous hand must be revered, before man's taking hand may work. Such was the ordinance. This was more than due worship. It was pure delight. There is no joy like gratitude. They most enjoy, who most perceive and bless the Giver. Reader, your earthly comforts should give wings to praise. Your daily blessings should uplift to heaven.

But when this holy service is discharged, alacrity pervades the fields. With cheerful heart—with animated look—with rapid step, the crowding reapers hasten forth. A rich abundance meets them, at each turn. All is busy joy. No hand is idle. Every sinew strains. Toil is delight, when toil is hallowed by God's smile. Labour is sweet, when labour is God's call.

Reader, come gaze now on this harvest-scene. Mark, idleness has here no place. This is a picture of what life should be. Now is our ingathering-day. So soon as every morning dawns, the ascending thought should fly to God. It is the time to reap. The crops are ripe. The gates are open. God calls. Who now may loiter or sit still?

Will any ask, where is my field, and what my crop? When-

ever the true prayer is breathed, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" a beckoning hand will show the appointed task. But let these pages give a general hint.

There are the waving treasures of the Word. The Scripture-field is ever ready—ever ripe. How many stalks invite the gathering hand? Each hour should bring some golden riches to the garner of the heart. Reader, what have you gained this day from the rich Bible-page?

Next, there are peculiar duties growing at each door. Not one should fall neglected to the ground. It is most true, that human doings wash no sin away. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that, not of yourselves, it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast." Eph. ii. 8. 9. Christ and His worth—Christ and His merits—are our full salvation. No labour adds to this full cup. But works are surest proof of faith. Happy the life, which hives a plenteous store! O my soul, seek earnestly the praise, "She hath done what she could." Mark xiv. 8. An empty hand proclaims a graceless heart.

The world, too, is a wide-spread plain,—thick-set with never-dying souls. These call for the ingathering. They must be severed from their earthly ties. They must be brought into the Gospel-garner. Will not labourers labour? Here every grain is an eternity. What! shall they perish through neglect? Forbid it all, who feel for souls, and love the Lord, and glory in His triumphs.

The reaping means are many. Some may go forth and bear the hot day's toil. Some may urge others to the God-like work. All can besiege the mercy-seat with prayer.—These rapid thoughts suffice to show, that Christian life should be a constant striving in a harvest-field.

But harvest-season lasts not long. Its end comes on apace. Time is allowed: but it has narrow limits. In a few weeks the fields are cleared: the sheaves are all laid up: work is concluded, and silence takes the place of noisy toil.

Reader, so all your opportunities expire. Your moments wave a rapid wing. Their flight is speedy. The ebbing tide cannot be checked. Death will soon close the working door. What you would do must then be quickly done. Say, do your garners evidence industrious life? Has faith been active? Has love never flagged? Where are your signs, that diligence has diligently toiled? Woe to the man, whose day is not a reaping-day! No idler clears a harvest-field—no idler rests in heavenly rest.

The Jewish harvest ran through seven weeks. The fiftieth day, or Pentecost, then came. This was a solemn feast. Now Israel's sons return to meet their God. Before their crops were felled, one sheaf alone was waved. But now their hands present a weightier gift. The grain is kneaded into two leavened loaves. These are devoutly brought, as a thank-offering from their collected wealth.

Thus gratitude expands. Each mercy should sow seed of larger thanks. As goodness falls in swelling showers, so adoration should ascend in higher flame. Our life should be an ever-deepening praise.

O my soul, thus try your state. Each day comes laden with fresh tokens of your Father's grace. Each hour adds blessings to your store. Say, is each evening's song a richer tribute of expanded love? Is your wave-sheaf augmented to two loaves?

But other increase marked the Pentecostal feast. When the sheaf was waved, a single lamb was slain. But now the word goes forth, "Ye shall offer with the bread, seven lambs

without blemish, of the first year, and one young bullock, and two rams: they shall be for a burnt-offering unto the Lord, with their meat-offering and their drink-offerings, even an offering made by fire unto the Lord. Then ye shall sacrifice one kid of the goats for a sin-offering, and two lambs of the first-year for a sacrifice of peace-offerings. Lev. xxiii. 18, 19. The altar seems to groan beneath this pile. A sea of blood flows, as a deluge, round. Here is clear proof, that faith's most happy act is to present redeeming blood.

These increased victims tell faith's story. It has its infancy—its gradual growth, and its maturer age. Its feeblest utterance pleads a Saviour's death. Its weakest effort clasps the cross. But as years glide, the death becomes more prized—its need more felt—its value more discerned. The aged pilgrim finds at every turn greater necessity to plead the blood.

Believer, is such your ripening state? More and more should be the motto of your life. Higher and higher should be your heavenward flight. Deeper and deeper should be your stream of love. Brighter and brighter should be your flame of faith. Louder and louder should be your song of praise. Fuller and fuller should be your offering hand. Wider and wider should be your fields of work. Larger and larger should be the produce of your toil. We are not straitened in our giving God. His kingdom's rule is to give more grace. Jam. iv. 6. And true grace ever grows.

Such are the lessons, which the solemnity directly gives. But Pentecost is more than pious offering for plenteous store. It is connected with most glorious scenes. The day recalls a grand event. Its date is on the fiftieth morning from the Paschal-sabbath. Let thought revert to the first Paschal-feast, and Israel's rapid flight from Egypt. Through fifty days they

journey onward, and then Sinai's heights are reached. Instantly, what marvels meet them! Amid displays of terror and dismay, the glorious Law re-issues. The date displays it, as Pentecostal edict.

True it is, that Scripture marks not the coincidence. No voice from heaven shows the connecting link. But the fact is sure, and wants not meaning.

This truth lies on the surface. While God is blessed, as tender in His providential care, His moral excellence claims reverence. The Lord, who crowns our earth with fruitful beauty, is He, who sits on the pure throne of righteousness. One voice commands luxuriant seasons, and the moral law. Thus, Sinai's code, and earth's rich plenty, are as converging rays to show Jehovah's brightness. Goodness is holy. Holiness is good. A finished harvest, and the given Law, are celebrated on the same fiftieth day.

One purport of the law is here, too, graphically shown. At Pentecost, the sickle has laid low the produce of the fields. It has performed its felling work. This leads the mind to contemplate the Law's effects. There is no instrument like this, to sever souls from earthly hopes. Many, who now rejoice in solid peace, bless God for His awakening Law. They slumbered long on pillars of delusion. They dreamed, that all was safe:—that life was no polluted walk:—that God looked on them with no angry frown:—that death would land them on the shore of bliss: that heaven would surely be their home at last. Thus they were rooted in unstable ground. But when the Law applied its searching rule, then carnal confidence expired. It swept them quickly from all tottering props. It placed before them the pure mirror of God's will. This showed the startling image of their native vileness. They

saw, that penitence could wash no sin away—that reformation left them still unclean—that stricter walk still fell short of God's demands—that there could be no hope for sinful man, in sinful self. The Law's keen scythe thus laid them in the dust.

Ye ministers of Christ, here is a mighty weapon for your use. Apply it fearlessly to every heart. It shakes the conscience. It tears veils away. It paves the way for Jesus to come in. You often mourn the apathy of men. They dread not death, nor hell. Careless they live. Careless they die. No anxious thought disturbs. No sense of sin alarms. How can this be? The case is clear. They never spiritually hear the Law's demands. They perish. You must give account. The reaper plies the sickle's point to gain the grain. You too must use the Law to burst the sinner's bands.

But Pentecost presents another view. True, on its earliest day the fiery Law went forth. But when God's purposes were fully ripe, a greater marvel signalized its end. Christ came, and died. Redemption's work was finished. Types vanished in His glorious light. Foreshadowing festivals waxed dim, and the last Pentecost arrived. On this same day, Jesus expands His hands, and pours the promised Spirit down. Cloven tongues of fire fall, and blaze on the Apostle's heads. New powers of speech proclaim His presence: and in all tongues the Gospel-truth is heard. A blessed harvest instantly is brought. The gifted heralds speak. They tell of Christ—His dying love—His resurrection-power. The present Spirit seals the word. Blind eyes are opened. Frozen feelings melt. Pride is laid low. Strong prejudice gives place. Hearts open. Jesus enters. And on that day about three thousand souls were added to the church. Acts ii. 41. Thrice blessed Pente-

cost! The church presents her First-fruit loaves. The reaping time of souls is come; and heaven's garners swell with immortal produce.

Reader, learn then from Pentecost, that souls are the grain—the Spirit the ingatherer. Without His aid no efforts prosper—no success ensues. His presence is the might of means. His hand alone unlocks the sin-bound heart. His voice alone can pierce the grave of sin. The Spirit's sword requires the Spirit's arm. He is the only ear, in which truth rides to triumph. Without Him faith cannot live—nor Christ be seen. Without Him, preaching is an empty sound—and toil but beats the air.

Servants of Christ, would you be rich in harvests of saved souls? Then never strive in your own strength: and never speak or preach, but wrestling for this life-inspiring power. Seek more His help. Lean more upon His arm. Pray Him to give your every word. Pray Him to write it with His finger on the heart. Then will your ministry be a Pentecostal-day. Then when the end shall come, you will present your precious shocks to God—and wave your Pentecostal loaves—an evidence of good seed sown—of good work done.

THE FEAST OF TRUMPETS.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, in the seventh month, in the first day of the month, shall ye have a Sabbath, a memorial of blowing of Trumpets, an holy convocation." LEV. xxiii. 24.

ISRAEL's civil year was ushered in with animating notes.—Trumpets welcomed the earliest light. Throughout the day the same clear voice resounded. A day-long cry aroused all ranks.

The Lord ordained this rite. It is a mine, then, full of teaching wealth. We see at once, that these long echoes were designed to wake each slumbering mind. Is there not need? How many perish, because thought sleeps! Life is dreamed through. It is a careless passage down a rapid stream. Eyes are fast closed. Realities are never seen. It is rich mercy, then, to break these bands. Therefore at solemn seasons—and when each month commenced—but mainly when the new-year dawned, God bids the Trumpets to send forth this clang.

Reader, the theme shakes drowsiness away. Let all that is within us now take heed. Observe, these Trumpets sound the knell of a departed year. They dig the grave of days and months for ever fled. They warn, that time once present, is now gone. The question follows, What is its record? What is the witness, which its pen engraves? Who can reply, without the sigh of shame?

There is no talent so misused, as time. Its golden moments offer space to trade for heaven—to seek God's face—to glorify His name. But this is not their one employ. Man rather seeks his own—his ease—his pleasure, and his gain. The dying saint oft weeps his opportunities unused. The lost are lost, because life's course was not improved. Who can look back without a penitential tear?

The Trumpets tell of a new period's birth. God in His mercy gives a respite.

Sinner, another day now dawns. You live. You yet may turn in penitence to God. You yet may gain heaven's bliss. You yet may flee the coming wrath. Say, can you doubt, or hesitate, or pause? The opportunity is in your hands. But, while you read, it flees. Oh! grasp it, use it. Turn it to salvation. May it now hear your inward cry, Jesus have mercy. Wash me from my every sin. Convert me to Thyself. Receive me to Thine arms of love. Pluck me, as a brand, from hell! The Trumpets warn, lose not another day.

Child of God, your life too is prolonged. It is your only time to show your gratitude, and to work for Christ. Vast is your debt. He gave Himself—His life—His blood, for you. Will you not give this day—each day to Him? Vast is your privilege. You may do more for Him on earth, than all the angels, who surround the throne. Let no more sands fall through unused. Discern their worth. The night draws near. Next new-year's Trumpet may find your ears locked in the grave. Be wise. Thus the shrill Trumpets teach: Time was—time is—Repent—Amend.

Next they bring Sinai's mount to view. They had grand part in earth's most awful scene. It was a fearful day, when God descended to renew His Law. The air was one appalling

crash. "When the voice of the Trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice." Ex. xix. 19.

Reader, there is the deepest need, that man should often revisit Sinai. The Law is rarely read aright. Thick darkness hides its nature and its end. When truly seen, when truly heard, it cries, Behold the will of God—mark well, what all must be, who would see Him. Its terms are simple. Love—perfect love—in every movement of the soul, from earliest to latest breath. This do, and life is purchased—heaven is won. If you thus share His holiness, you may ascend His throne—the law presents no interdicting debt—the lips of Satan can prefer no hindering charge. But if you fail, then hope from self for ever dies. The broken Law frowns terribly. It claims its payment. It utters its inexorable curse. Perfect obedience is its due. One breach makes it a foe for ever.

Reader, heed then this Trumpet's voice. Obey and live. Transgress and die. You cannot stand the scrutiny. Your every moment is transgression. The curse cries loudly for your life. Bind him hand and foot—cast him into the quenchless lake, is the Law's sure decree. See then the state of all, whose trust is in the Covenant of works. They lean upon a broken reed. They clasp a sinking plank. Their vessel leaks, and soon must sink. Their robe is nothing, but a filthy rag. Their best is sin. Their plea is false. Hence clear rejection stands before them. Their everlasting home must be without. But without heaven is within hell. Their never-ending cry must be, Undone—undone. Thus the Law cries, Flee hence. No sinner finds a refuge here. Happy they, who learn this lesson from the Trumpet's roar.

But there is sweeter music in this rite. The Trumpet is assuredly a Gospel-sign. The Prophet, who saw most of Christ, thus sings, "The great Trumpet shall be blown." *Is. xxvii. 13.* John witnesses, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a Trumpet."

Thus faith is led to keep a constant Trumpet-feast. The notes of grace always send melody from Zion's hill. They call attention to Salvation's scheme. The world indeed is lost through sin. Its inmates are a rebel-race. They follow only their own heart's desires. Vengeance might justly sweep all to the fathomless despair. But no. God sends His Son with healing on His wings. And now a tender voice, with Trumpet-clearness, cries, a remedy is found. "This is my beloved Son, hear Him."

Reader, come listen to these clarion notes.

Your sins need pardon. It is all prepared. His blood has mighty virtue to wash all away. Its worth is boundless, for it flows from a God-man. If all the sins, which ever were, or can be, centred on your soul, they vanish in this stream. No case exceeds its power. No vileness is too vile. No blackness is too black. Whosoever will, let him wash, and he is whiter than the whitest snow. Sweet are these Trumpet-tidings.

You tremble at hell-pains. You hear of fire ever-burning,—darkness ever dark,—the worm, which never dies,—the misery, which finds no ease. These are sin's wages. But Christ saves from all. His suffering death extracts the sting. The Jailer cannot touch—the dungeon cannot hold—the chains cannot detain. This is a precious note. It calls from agony's extremest pang.

You hear the Law's terrific threat. Its thunder peals above your head. But there is shelter in Christ's wounded side,

They, who are nestled in that safe retreat, smile at its wrath. The curse exhausted is a blunted shaft. The edge is gone. It can inflict no wound. This sound is precious to a sin-crushed worm.

You hear of heaven, and its pure delights. It is the home of God. None are admitted, who have not fit robes. You pant for the pure rest. But you possess no passport of your own. You have no raiment for the royal court. But look to Jesus. His hands have wrought a wedding-dress. He stretches out a righteousness divine. God's eye desires no more. Its beauty far outshines the sun. Its purity makes angels dark. Reader, believe, and it is yours. Sweet is this Gospel-note.

You look within. Your heart is vile. Who can turn back the current of these rushing lusts? Can there be power to cause old things to pass away, and all things to be new? Look up to Christ. He is an ocean full of sanctifying grace. He speaks the word—the mighty Spirit comes—iniquity recedes—pure holiness takes root,—the newborn soul receives a new-born life. This is a happy Gospel-note.

But fears live long. There is no saint, who mourns not daily falls. The wounded conscience takes alarm, lest Christ provoked should turn away. It would be so, If He were man. But He is God. Christ is not Christ, unless He be unchangeably the same. His word, too, is gone forth. "My sheep shall never perish." Thus faith has an imperishable strength. While it endures, the soul can never die, and it endures because its Giver is, "I am." "Because I live, ye shall live also." This Trumpet has a cheering note.

But trials thicken—temptations threaten,—and affliction's tide runs strong. Death, too, draws near, and shows a chilling form. But still take comfort. He, who is with you, has an

arm of power—a heart of tenderness—and a voice of love. In deepest billows, He will hold you up. And the last wave will waft you safe to Canaan's shore. Thick blows may batter, but will not beat down. The last blow breaks the gates of flesh, and sets your happy spirit free. Christ is this sure and present help. Be thankful for this Trumpet-note.

Reader, there is no need in life—in death—in present or in future days—for which Christ is not all-sufficient succour. Behold Him. He is life for the dead—sight for the blind—feet for the lame—strength for the weak—joy for the sad—cleansing for the filthy—freedom for the bound—raiment for the naked—purity for the unclean—redemption for the captive—a God without to save—a God within to cheer—a God above to bless—a God, who came in flesh to die—a God, who reigns in power to help—a God who comes in glory to receive.

Bring me your misery, and I will show you its relief in Christ. He loves, as God. He aids, as God. He saves, as God. God is not full, if there can be deficiency in Christ. But God is full, and all His fulness is in Christ for His beloved flock. Reader, this is a glorious Gospel-note.

Say, can you slight this Trumpet-call? Hark, yet again it calls you to the cross. Past disregard has not closed mercy's gate. Yet you may enter in. All joy and peace may yet be yours. The plank across the fearful gulf is not removed. Hope is not dead, while yet you hear the Gospel-cry.

But linger not. Another Trumpet is about to sound. The great white throne will soon be set. "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and with the Trump of God." 1 Thess. iv. 16. The Trumpet will sound—the graves will open—all the dead will rise—among them you must take your place.

Oh! realize this solemn scene. The world would fain ignore the dread account. But it comes—it quickly comes—and you must bear your part. Is your plea ready? Can you appeal to Christ, that you are His? Can you establish evidence of interest in all His work? Faith can. It humbly reasons with the Judge, I may not die, for you have died for me. My condemnation is long past, it fell at Calvary on you. This plea is sure. I ask again, Is this plea yours? The Gospel-trump still offers it. The Judgment-trump will soon demand it.

These notes were sounded by the priests. Such was the office of the Tabernacle servants.

Ye Ministers of Christ, this work has now devolved on you. The charge is solemn. If notes are muffled, ruin follows. Flocks may rush hellward, following pulpit voice. Your teaching should be clear, as liquid words from Jesu's lips. The faithful herald has no yea and nay. His teaching is no shifting line. He shows not Christ to-day, and hides Him on the morrow. He builds not with one hand, and with the other pulls all down. He frames not a joint covenant of grace and works. He tells of no conditions, but man's need—no plea for welcome, but a ruined state. One only refuge is proclaimed. One only name is magnified. There is but one foundation laid. None but Jesus. "Christ is all." They, who thus preach, call to the Trumpet-feast.

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, saying, The fifteenth day of this seventh month shall be the Feast of Tabernacles for seven days unto the Lord." LEV. xxiii. 34.

THE Feast of Tabernacles closely follows the Atonement-day. It is a season of especial joy succeeding to especial grief. Highest delights wipe penitential tears away: and gladness loudly sings, where sighs so mournfully were heard.

This near connection teaches much. It is a picture of experience. It marks a path, which true believers often tread.

When is the Lord most precious to the soul? When are heart-raptures at their fullest tide? It is, when sins have been most keenly felt, and meek confession has most humbly wailed. Unwonted beauty then shines from the cross. Then faith embraces it with stronger grasp, and fervent praises raise triumphant notes.

Morn is most welcome after stormy night. The rays most cheer, which gleam from a dark cloud. Peace is most peaceful after tossing doubts. The hope, which once was lowest, rears the strongest head. He most loves Christ who most discerns his need. The expiation-day, which ushers in the happy Tabernacle-feast, confirms these lessons.

The time of this celebration next claims notice. The date is, when all harvests are concluded. Not only barns are laden

with their grain—not only toil throughout the fields has ceased—but vines, and palms, and olive-trees have added their full store. All that earth gives of plenty is received. The golden ears are reaped—the clustering grapes are plucked—the olive-boughs have yielded their supplies. Ingathering hands have brought their treasures home. The year's rich produce is all gained. This is the season for exuberant joy.—Therefore God's word goes forth. Let Israel's sons now hasten to My courts.

The lesson of this edict is most clear. When bounties multiply, more praise should sing. Reader, cultivate a thankful mind. Yours is an overflowing cup—yours should be ever-flowing thanks. Your daily board is spread with daily bread. With each day's light new blessings come. You merit not these gifts. Should not your life then be a Tabernacle-feast? Think well. No shame is like the debt of gratitude unpaid. No sacrilege is like the thankless robbery of God.

Peculiar rites are now ordained. All Israel's males are called from their accustomed homes. The shelter of their roofs must for a while be left. Booths are constructed from the boughs of trees. The olive and the pine—the myrtle and the palm—the willows of the brook—contribute spreading shade. These branches form an intertwined abode. And here throughout the feast the multitudes repose. They seem as pilgrims sojourning beneath the forest's arms. The city has become a foliaged tent.

Do any here enquire the purport of this singular decree? The word of God replies, “All, that are Israelites, shall dwell in booths: that your generations might know, that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt.” Lev. xxiii. 42, 43. This

then is a reminding sign. It sets the past before the pondering eye. It calls the thoughts to intermix with bygone scenes. The population is thus made to live again the infant annals of its race. It here reacts the marvels of the nation's birth.

Let us with them go back in wondering thought.

It was a solemn time, when God arose to rescue Israel's sons. With mighty arm He broke the tyrant's yoke. With mighty signs He led them through the deep. With beckoning hand He marked their march. With food from heaven He satisfied their need. A trickling stream brought waters in their rear. With fearful majesty He re-promulgated the glorious Law. He ordered a long train of Altar-rites to shadow out redeeming grace. He framed peculiar codes to form their character—to discipline their minds—to seal them, as His chosen treasure. Such was the nursery of the favoured tribes. Thus God came down to win them to Himself. What grace, what tenderness—what evidence of special favour! No nation ever saw the like. No family was ever thus espoused.

But through these wondrous days, they had no settled home. They wandered in a desert-waste. They dwelt in tents, as a wayfaring tribe. It is to fix these early dealings on their minds, that God constrains them year by year to sojourn in these verdant booths. Each circumstance around would re-awaken memory's delights. In happy converse they would trace and retrace their former mercies and their privileged estate. We are the people, whom the Lord has blessed. To us pertain "the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the Law, and the service of God, and the promises." Rom. ix. 4. Our fathers rested beneath shade like this, when first God called them to be His. The flame of

faith would thus be fanned, and shadows of the past would add rich colours to their present joy.

Believer, here is instruction for your heart. You too should come apart, and take your seat beneath the branches of reviving thought. Revolve the past. You once were in a desert state. There was a time, when God first visited your heart, and called you to His feet, and whispered words of love. Sweet was this manna to your happy lips—cool were these waters to your taste—and memory's wings should often fly back to these hours. Their record should be read, and read again. The grateful lips should often repeat, I once was dead, but now I live. I once was blind, but now I see. I had no refuge: now I dwell in God. I had no hope, now glory dazzles me around. It is a rich Tabernacle-feast when faith reviews its infant converse with the Lord.

The booths, too, were a fragile shed. They were not reared for durable continuance. A few brief hours raised them. A few brief days would see them cast aside. Here is a picture of life's little speck. What are these frames, but tents of crumbling flesh? To-day they live;—to-morrow they lie low. Man breathes but to expire. The word of truth exhausts similitudes to warn us of our brevity. Each rapid and most short-lived object shows that departure is at hand.

This is another lesson from booth-dwellings. Reader, you are a tenant of a falling mansion. Dream not of a long stay. In a few years at most, all the vast multitudes, who throng this earth, will have returned to kindred dust. This very day your tenement may fall. Live then with your loins girded, and your staff prepared to march. Act every act, as if your last. Speak every word, as if with dying breath. Move, as if moving to the judgment-seat. Flee every scene, where you

would tremble to resign your life. Your tent is but a withering branch. You must soon quit it. Make sure your title to an everlasting home.

But there is deeper doctrine here. These lowly homes fore-show the tent of humble flesh, in which the Son of God scorned not to sojourn. They turn attention to Bethlehem's manger. Christ's perfect manhood is the fact, from which faith draws its deepest streams of peace. On this our rapturous eye should without ceasing dwell. The mighty God—Jehovah's fellow—indeed put on our flesh. He, who is far too bright for angel's gaze, has veiled His glories in a tenement of clay. We must endure in person or by proxy. He takes our place. His Gospel is, My flock have sinned, and, as poor sinners, they are doomed to wrath: I come to earth to occupy their room, to bear their guilt, and to sustain their curse. Their life is forfeited—My life shall be the substitute. Just wrath demands their death;—My death shall be presented in their stead. Thus Jesus is a pilgrim in our mean abode. Thus He responds to the main feature of the Tabernacle-feast.

Let us now mingle with the rites.

Throughout this Feast the Altar groaned with victims slain. Each animal was brought. Burnt-offerings—meat-offerings—sin-offerings—drink-offerings, scarcely found an end. Blood flowed in a full tide.

Reader, in joy's happiest flights redeeming blood must have a foremost place. No blessings speed but through a Saviour's death. Christ is the pathway, along which mercies come. Sin chokes all other channels. Hence when praise sings, it looks towards the cross. The lips, which celebrate God's tender love, are touched with live-coal from atonement's altar. None truly bless, apart from Jesu's work.

The bullocks in these offerings diminish gradually. It is not easy to assign the cause. The descending scale might show, that typifying rites were tending towards their close. Their end would come. The orb of day would soon arise. Then all mists melt into full light. So too faith's pleadings only last throughout time-state. Each hour brings consummation nearer. Then prayers and ordinances cease. Then Christ will shine in one unclouded blaze, and all eternity be one enraptured gaze.

But there were other ceremonies in these days. The joyful crowds come forth. Each hand uplifts a palm-tree branch, and waving high their verdant wands, they march around the Altar. As they move on, they raise triumphant songs, and send their loud Hosannas to the skies. The courts re-echo with a chorus of delight. While thus in thought we join this shouting throng, another congregation rises to our view. Behold a glowing scene. "After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb." Rev. vii. 9, 10.

Reader, this joy, these victory-shouts, this palm-waving ecstasy draws near. Shall you be one among the countless mass? Will your hands bear this conquering sign? It cannot be, if you are this world's slave. It cannot be, if your days toil for sin. It cannot be, except your heart be given to Christ—unless you are all cleansed in His all-cleansing blood—unless you make His wounds your life. They only, who are Christ's by faith, sing this Salvation's hymn.

Another service was adjoined. With golden vessel the priest approached Siloam's pool. He thence drew water, and outpoured it at the altar's base. This rite drew forth the loudest thrill of joy. The multitudes in swelling chorus sang again. They take the prophet's blessed words, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Is. xii. 3. Their spirits seemed to soar away from earth, and catch the rapture of the saints in light. If earthly semblance be thus glad, how will the heavenly realities exceed.

Reader, the eye of Jesus while on earth surveyed this scene. He witnessed and thus spake, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." John vii. 37, 38. Have these words come in power to your soul? Have you in truth drawn water from this saving fount? Mark:—you are called.—Christ graciously invites. He will not turn away. His word secures your welcome. Come, come, partake. The draught will give you life for evermore, and cause you to dispense the living stream. Come, and in spirit keep the Tabernacle-feast. Read not in vain the Saviour's cry. Read not in vain this record of these festive days.

THE JUBILEE.

"Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. It shall be a Jubilee unto you and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family." LEV. xxv. 10.

Who can return too often to the truth, that Jewish services are framed with closest reference to Christ? This is their wondrous worth. Hence day by day the victims bleed, and constant rites portray the scheme of grace. He, who is Spirit-taught, distinctly reads the Gospel in this page of types.

But one recurring season is as the sun in the bright firmament of signs. It is the year of Jubilee. Faith here delights to revel with especial joy. It is the richest antepast of Gospel-truth. May we gain wisdom from its various parts!

In Israel's land each fiftieth year is universal rest. No toiling hand may move. The sickle and the spade are laid aside. Tillage and harvest sleep. No seed may now be sown. No crop may now be reaped. The grape, the olive, wave their treasures, but no gatherer collects. Repose is the one law for man—for beast—for soil. A year-long Sabbath reigns. Here God asserts His sovereign right to earth. No fields are to be tilled or used, except as He is pleased to grant.

This is a lesson, which man slowly learns. His pride is prone to call the lower world his own. He thinks—he acts—

as if he were creation's lord. His fancy builds a throne, and crowns himself the king. But this decree establishes God's rule. We are dependent tenants of His fields. When He permits, we occupy. When He forbids, we pause. And never is the gift enjoyed, but when we meekly bow before the glorious Giver. Happy the man, whose grateful heart oft sings, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Ps. xxiv. 1. This is the Jubilee's first note.

We next are taught God's power to provide. Plenty depends not solely on our prudent thought. He wills, and crops abound. He speaks, and garners hold enough. Thus through this year of rest want never came. This marvel is more marvellous, because the Jubilee succeeds a Sabbath-year. In that, too, seeding and reaping had not stirred. In that no grain had been collected with precautionary care. But God gave forth a treble harvest in each forty-eighth year. Thus through the long repose previous abundance ministered full food. As the poor widow's meal and oil, it proved an unexhausted feast. As Joseph's well-replenished store, it fed the hungry, and never failed.

When God provides, need disappears. The unbelieving heart will sometimes strive, by undue means, to heap up wealth. Alas! what madness and what sin! The unpermitted gain is poverty's worst penury. None can succeed, without the Lord; and none shall want, who truly follow Him. Faith has the richest board. It works, when God says, Work. It rests, when God says, Rest, and in obedience thrives.

Next mark, this year is emblem of soul-rest in Christ. The soul is the real man. There is no gain, except the soul get benefit.

Before the refuge of the cross is seen, the awakened mind

frets like the troubled sea. It has intense desire to flee the coming wrath. It trembles at the prospect of unending woe. Heaven seems an height beyond all reach. Hell gapes before the feet. Can there be peace? All efforts must be made. Each nerve is strained to form anew the inner man—to bring to God the offering of a better life—to blot out guilt by tears, and sighs, and prayers, and pious forms, and self-inflicted pains, and a long train of doings and undoings. Such striving is in vain. Wrath is not thus appeased, nor heaven thus won. But when the Spirit shows Christ's finished work, then toil for reconciliation ends. Christ's blood atones. What more can be required? Christ's righteousness completely covers. What can be added to it? The soul sees this, and sits content beneath the sheltering shadow of the cross. Its Jubilee is come. It rests in Christ, and only lives in exercise of grateful love. Reader, reflect, that man can never be self-saved. Jesus is all for sin's remission, and repose of heart.

Observe the entrance to this consecrated year. It instantly begins, when the Atonement-day has ceased. When penitence has deeply mourned—when the Scape-goat has borne sins out of sight—when the High-Priest has sprinkled the mercy-seat—this holy season dawns.

A light here shines upon the path, which leads to rest. It lies through penitence and sense of pardon given. How many live, with little knowledge of their state! They feel no burden pressing them to hell! They smite not on the breast with penitential shame. Their life may be a drowsy dream, but it is far from Gospel-peace. To them no Jubilee is come.

Others, with consciousness of soul disease, see not the precious remedy. They lay not the hand upon a Saviour's head. They tell not out to him their miserable need. They do not thus

transfer the overwhelming weight. To them the Scape-goat is an idle tale. Therefore to them no Jubilee is come.

Others rejoice not in a risen Lord. They see Him not within the veil. Darkness conceals His great transactions there. To them no Jubilee is come. Reader, forget not, it is acquaintance with atonement made, and Jesus sprinkling the throne above, which introduces Jubilee-repose.

And now the day arrives. The trumpet sounds throughout the land. In every place—by every ear—the long-expected notes are heard. They tell no doubtful tale. They speak, and Israel knows, that Jubilee's great joys are theirs. They speak, and universal happiness prevails.

Such is your work, ye ministers of Christ. The gladdest tidings are your theme. Angels might covet your employ. Oh ! see, that your lips publish rest in Christ. Then hearts will joy in your report. "Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God." Is. xl. 1.

There was much cause for Israel's delight. The downcast debtor now was free. The bondman cast away the yoke. All forfeited estates returned. The oppressor might no more eppress. No servant trembled at a lord's stern voice. The former owner claimed his father's fields. The ancient landmarks were rebuilt, and liberty resumed its sway. In every house—in every heart—there was a consciousness of relief. Sorrow and mourning fled away.

So there is all-deliverance in Christ. The Gospel is true Jubilee in every sense. We are poor debtors. But our Lord brings help. We owe obedience to our Maker's will. Our time—our strength—our means—our opportunities—our every faculty—our minds—our frames—are His. We hold a trust: and stewards must be faithful. But is it so? Conscience

turns pale. Each hour bears witness to a misused gift. God has been robbed. His own has not been paid. His goods have been misspent. Denial is in vain. Our debts exceed the moments of our lives. But justice must have reckoning. There is no trifling with God. Sinner, look onward to the day, when you must face each charge. What can you bring to wipe away your score? Self gives no hope. Your best at every moment fails to meet that moment's dues. If you this day did all, the service leaves past duties unfulfilled. Your state, then, is insolvency. What can you say, why justice should not now arrest you?

But hark! Your Jubilee is come. Christ has sought earth with treasure in His hands. He cries, Tell me what justice needs. The amount is vast. But He avails to pay. The scales are heavy. But He pours in His reconciling death. Its value mightily outweighs. The roll of strict demand is long and dark. His blood obliterates each charge. He touches, and the page is whiter than the whitest snow. Thus all His ransomed ones are free. Let the believer then rejoice in his glad Jubilee. No debt remains. No creditor affrights. Without man's money and self's aid, the payment is all paid by the grand Surety, Christ.

The Jubilee relaxed the ties of bondage. So, too, Christ liberates from fetters. "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." John viii. 36. Each soul, apart from Him, is a poor slave. Tyrants are many, and their yoke is hard.

First, Satan enchains the heart, and drags His vassals to vile service. There is no will—no power—to resist. By nature all lie prostrate at His feet. But Jesus wrestles with this cruel foe, and hurls him from his throne, and breaks his

sceptre, and gives him a death-wound. He can no more detain the freed-men of the Lord. He may—he will—assail, affright, and tempt. He may gain some success. But it is brief. All, who are Christ's, abhor his sway, and breathe the air of liberty. The Gospel-Jubilee sets free from Satan's power.

Then, too, sin rules the captive race of men. It subjugates each soul, and it must reign, until expelled by Christ. All moral principle—all sense of shame—all longings to be pure—are weak as feathers to withstand the flood. But when Christ shows His dying love, and His blood streaming to atone, then a new passion gains the throne. The yoke is burst. The Gospel-Jubilee sets free from sin.

Next, this vile world is a foul tyrant. Its smile allures. Its frown deters. Its fashions force compliance. Its laws exact submission. It drives its millions to a slavish toil. But when Jesus unmasks the monster's hideous filth—when He reveals the beauties of the Gospel-walk—then the chain snaps, the enemy is loathed, and its debasing ways are shunned. The Gospel-Jubilee sets free from the world's snares.

Death, too, is a fearful tyrant. Its chilly features terrify. It points to a near grave—it stretches forth an icy hand, strong to bear hence. The stoutest quail. The fear of dying often makes it misery to live. None can relieve, but Christ. He promises to meet His people in their hour of need—to give His arm, as their support—to brighten all the darkness with His smile. Death's dread thus dies. Its coming is a welcome ear to carry to a better home. The Gospel-Jubilee sets free from death's affrights.

The Jubilee restores inheritance. Here Christ again appears. Sin wrought a cruel work. It drove man from a fair

abode. It forced him to a wilderness of weeds and woe. God's present smile was lost. The blessing of communion ceased. Life was an outcast drudgery. Death led to outcast anguish. But Christ instates in more than Eden-heritage. He places in a land of peace, where God is our near God for ever. Here more is found, than was destroyed by sin. They have a sure estate, who realize this property in God. All that He is—all that He has—is theirs.

Reader, would you possess this heritage? Clasp the cross, and all is yours. Christ came—He lived—He died—He reigns—to grant this Jubilee to souls. Hear His own words, and may the Spirit bless them! “The Spirit of the Lord is upon me: He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.” Luke iv. 18, 19.

Blessed Jesu, Thy people praise Thee—as their life, their liberty, their ransom, their peace, their joy, their hope, their heaven, their glory. Faith lifts its hands, held by no chains, to bless Thee. Love wings its way, checked by no bands, to serve Thee. Praise sings aloud, awed by no tyrant's frown, to adore Thee. The whole soul, free as air, reposes in a Jubilee of joy.

THE KINSMAN.

"If thy brother be waxen poor, and hath sold away some of his possession, and if any of his kin come to redeem it, then shall he redeem that, which his brother sold." **LEV. xxv. 25.**

READER, your heart is hidden from man's view. But surely you are one of human race, and therefore you partake of human need. Sin is your birth-place, and your cradle, and your native air. It is the stream, on which you naturally glide; and its course tends to ruin's depths, except some helper intervene.

But help is ready in the Saviour Christ. There is more power to Him to rescue, than in sin to slay. Say, are these tidings music to your ears? If so, each image will be dear, which shows some feature of delivering grace. This is the value of the Bible-page. It is an ever-varying picture of one precious scene. Faith cannot look, but some new beauty of the beloved Lord appears.

An instance meets us in the Kinsman's rights. The tale is simple. One of Israel's sons is destitute. His goods—his lands—are torn away. The creditor demands. The claim is just. All must be yielded. But is there some Kinsman, whose heart feels pity, and whose means abound? Then he has right to pay the price, and to buy back the forfeited estate. He may not be denied. He speaks, and restitution must be made. Redeeming privilege is his.

Such is the statute of the Jewish realm. But it is more than tender mercy to distress. It shows far more than civil remedy for helpless debt. It is bright transcript of the work of Christ.

Mark the clear parallel. He saw our misery. He felt that no one but a Kinsman could redeem. He tarries not. He puts on our flesh. He visits earth, as man; and so is qualified to rescue our estate. Thus He stands forth the end and substance of the Kinsman's type.

Let us draw nearer. None value this restoring grace, but they, who realize their penury. Many exclaim, Are we thus poor? Nature is blind to nature's meanness. It flaunts in rags, and calls them royal robes. It counts its tinsel to be gold. It proudly stalks, as the possessor of all treasure. Alas! the misery of such conceit! What is the soul as seen by God? What is its spiritual estate? All innocence is forfeited and sold. The glorious inheritance of righteousness is gone. The title-deeds of heaven are torn away. One property, alone remains—an amassed pile of sin. No beggar is so spiritually poor as man.

This is the wreck, which Jesus saw with pitying eye. His mercy moved Him, and He could not rest. His love constrained Him, and He must relieve. His heart could not forbear. He must redeem.

But mighty hindrances opposed Him. Let them be viewed. Gigantic is the mass of obstacle. The needy ones are offspring of poor earth. Dust is their origin: the worm their brother: the clod their home. But to redeem requires a kindred birth. How can this intervening gulf be spanned? Jesus is God. Infinite distance parts the natures. One sits enthroned on glory's highest seat. The other grovels in earth's lowest mire.

One is as great, as God can be. The other is the meanest of the mean.

Jesus may love. But how can He believe? As God alone, He cannot claim the Kinsman's right. Are then the destitute beyond relief? My soul, are you then hopelessly undone? It must have been so, if Jesu's grace and wisdom had known bounds. But they are vast as Deity. Thus they are able to devise and execute a scheme. Since the Redeemer must be man, Jesus connects Himself with human ties.

My soul, draw nearer to the wondrous fact. What! will He lay aside His glorious robe, and leave His glorious throne? What? will He tread on earth in human nature, and in human form? He, whom no heavens can hold, will He be imprisoned in a case of clay? He, whose eternal age has seen no birth, will He be born an infant child of dust? Will He, who made all worlds, be made a man? Will He, who spans infinity, contract to be a humble sojourner in our abode? Will He, whose brightness far outshines the sun, wear our dull rags? Yes. One of the family alone can help:—therefore one of the family He will become.

And verily it is so. There is no fact more true. The Holy Spirit lends His aid. A human frame is marvellously framed. A Virgin mother bears the heavenly child. The mighty God, Jehovah's compeer, breathes as the brother of our lowly tribes.

O my soul, what costly love is here? We count that to be real, which in its efforts sacrifices self. It is not difficult to help in word. But sincere truth is tried, when it must strip itself, and bear hard burdens, and submit to pain. Such is this love. It willingly comes down to shame and scorn.

You often think, that worlds would be mean price to buy assurance of a Saviour's love. You may read this at Bethle-

hem. The lowly manger has a voice mighty in sweetness—sweet in its might. It tells, that He has done so much, that no more could be done. God becomes man. Here then is love—high above height—broad beyond breadth—deep below depth—immeasurable—unspeakable—inconceivable. It is the Godman's godlike love. Be satisfied—give thanks—adore.

Reader, scorn not this statement—as the element of truth—the earliest lesson, which our childhood learns. Nay—nay. God joined to man—man joined to God, is heaven's highest wisdom—deepest thought—and most transcendent glory. It is so vast, that all the Spirit's might alone can bring us to receive it. It is the mystery, which Abel sealed with blood—and Abraham gladly saw—and David and the prophets sang—which Jesus verified—and the Apostles boldly preached. He only is the blessed man, who sees a Godman living as a Kinsman to redeem.

But mark, the Kinsman must be armed with more than ties of family. He must avail to pay down the required price. Keep this in view, and then survey the vast inheritance, which is here forfeited. It is a mass of souls. Each is infinity. Each is eternity. Build a high pyramid of worlds—these riches will have bounds. Deal out earth's jewels to an endless age—the value reaches not one spirit's price. But the lost property is a company of souls more numerous, than tongue can tell. They multiply, beyond the stars, which glitter on the brow of night. What then can Jesus bring to equipoise such worth?

Reader, oft weigh the price paid down by Christ. Salvation surely would be prized, if its full cost were once discerned. Our Kinsman gives Himself—His life—His blood—and they are all divine. He rescues not with money—that were vain. He brings no finite store—that would fall short. He makes

His soul an offering for sin. His Deity imparts sufficiency. Much is required: more is bestowed. The price is boundless: the payment far exceeds. The power and right both meet in Christ. He comes in flesh. He pays a Godman's blood.

Reader, such is the Saviour of the Gospel-page. Such is His love—His tenderness—His willingness—His might. Study His heart—His character—His plenitude—His power—His work. The every view invites—attracts—allures. Can you refrain from flying to His arms? Surely the rocky heart must melt beneath the sunshine of such grace. Surely no fears can keep you from such a Kinsman's side. Would He be man, unless He longed to save? And, being man, can He be silent to a brother's cry? Approach. Draw near. Oh! rest not, till you know, that you are His—and He is yours. Plead His near kindred-ties. Tell Him, that He is one of your own family—your nearest friend—flesh of your flesh—bone of your bone. Remind Him, that He alone has the redeeming right and might. Kneel with petitions for your ruined soul. Urge this, and you fail not. Ask all the saved. One voice responds, our elder brother never drives a coming sinner from His cross. Ask all the hell-bound. They miserably sigh, we never sought Him—therefore we are here.

Believer, awake, and see your happy state. Your soul is rescued. Your heavenly home is sure. The chains are broken. Your loving Kinsman buys you from each adverse claim. Tremble no more at Satan's rage. No longer fear the Law's stern curse. Once and for ever all is paid. You are redeemed. Live a redeemed life. Often repeat, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." Eph. i. 7.

Awake, awake, and see your access to delights. The earthly

path is often rough. Griefs press with heavy hand. Afflictions flow, as wave on wave. Tears stream, because of relatives no longer seen. Pain racks the limbs. Sickness brings langour and distress. The world points piercing sneers. False friends inflict a festering wound. You need much solace. You have it in your Kinsman's love. The Man of Sorrows tasted each bitter cup. Now from His throne He calls us to relate our every woe to Him. Each aching head may rest upon His breast, and find a pillow of relief. Trouble takes wing, when once His smile is seen. Fears are not heard, when His sweet promises speak peace. Cares are no cares, when laid on Him. Burdens are gone, when cast down at His feet. Who can be sad, who have a Godman Kinsman near?

But let your life proclaim, that being bought, you are no more your own. The Kinsman claims your heart—your love—your all. Shame, shame, to those, who would defraud Him of His purchased due! Believer, let Christ's great glory be your one pursuit. Seek it in all your time—with all your strength—with all your means. It is the Kinsman's joy to see His people bearing grateful fruits. Oh! multiply this joy. It is His glory, when you bring rich praises to His name. Let then each breath be praise.

Ye ministers of Christ, would you win souls? Then preach the Kinsman. Apart from Him, all topics are a chilling blight. The terror of the Law may scare. But it gives no relief. It may wound sorely. But it lacks the healing balm. The charms of virtue fascinate. But they paint summits, which unredeemed feet can never reach. External rites and forms have specious show. They seem a haven of repose. They promise steps, which mount to heaven. Experience proves, that without Christ, they only cheat. They cannot ease a

tortured mind. They cannot blot out past offence. The path seems flowery. But it beguiles to aggravated woe. The Kinsman is the only help. Then publish the story of the incarnate God. This cannot be in vain. Christ never was upraised, but sinners fled into the fortress, and were safe. Proclaim the Kinsman, and souls will hang delighted on your lips, and bless you now, and bless you for evermore.

Preach Him with tender zeal. He is your model. He yearned for souls. Their misery led Him willing to the cross. Can you tell this with icy lips? Can you be listless shepherds of a listless flock? You know His earnestness. With eager flight He sought this earth. He scorned no agony—no shame—no pain. Here is again your model. Burst all the bands of self-indulgent ease. Up and be doing. Strive, as if striving rescued men from hell. Toil, as if toil conveyed them swift to heaven.

The Kinsman shortly will appear again. May His approving smile then be your heaven of heavens! May His glad welcome own you as brethren of His heart—the fellow helpers of His work.

THE BLESSING AND THE CURSE.

*"If ye walk in My statutes, and keep My commandments, and do them—
But if ye will not hearken unto Me, and will not do all these commandments."* LEV. xxvi. 3—14.

THROUGHOUT Leviticus the voice of mercy sounds. For what is mercy, but a remedy for woe? At Sinai's base grace sweetly smiles. For what is grace, but safety for the lost? Before this mount the Gospel clearly speaks. For what is the Gospel, but God's scheme to save, while justice remains just, and truth continues true, and holiness appears more pure, and honour bends not from its highest throne? These truths here gleam in a long train of types. He, who would probe redemption's depths, will often seek this hallowed ground. He, who would drink true wisdom's cup, will often search this book with prayer.

But ere the tribes advance, God labours to impress. Truly when sinners rush to hell, they strive against a warning God—they stop the ear—they set the face like flint—they harden the proud neck. They choose perdition, and so perish.

Reader, these final pages thus instruct. Heed the awakening purport. There is a sacredness in parting words. Last admonitions usually sink deep. May the Lord's pen now touch the tablets of each heart!

Here God adjoins paternal counsels to a sovereign's command. He shows what blessings crown obedient paths—what

miseries beset the rebel-way. Emphatic images come in to win and to deter. Two passages, as sign-posts, are upreared. The one invites to the abode of peace. The other cries, Flee, for all wretchedness is here. Alluring promises first court the listening tribes. Read Lev. xxvi. 3—13. Clusters of temporal good hang thick. Survey the dazzling catalogue—unfold the roll. It is a picture, in which plenteousness abounds. The earth in season yields luxuriant stores. Scarceness and want are buried in deep graves. Peace waves her gentle sceptre. Invading hosts scare not the quiet vales. No ravening beasts watch for their prey. And if assailing armies make attack, they move to sure defeat. A little band puts multitudes to flight. A happy progeny rejoices in each house. These are external gifts:—but spiritual delights are scattered with copious hand. God's presence is assured. His near abode is with His sons. He claims them as His own. He gives Himself to them. “I will walk among you, and will be your God, and ye shall be My people.” Lev. xxvi. 12. Such are the blessings pledged, if statutes are observed. Can any read this list, and hesitate? Can any hear, and choose rebellion's lot?

Tremendous threats forbid. Read Lev. xxvi. 14—39. The scene now changes. Peal follows peal of terrifying awe. The disobedient must wring out appalling dregs. Health shall hang down its withered head. Each pining malady—each sore disease—each racking pain—shall prey upon the tortured frame. Famine shall raise its ghastly form. Penury shall sit at every hearth. Seed shall be sown, but no crops spring. The trees shall mock with fruitless boughs. The forest shall send forth its ravenous hordes. The children and the cattle shall be mangled in the roads: and thus the homes shall be a solitary waste. The sound of constant war shall roar. The

hostile banner shall deride the fallen city. The holy sanctuary shall be no refuge. If offerings be brought, God will refuse. Such is the heritage, if the covenant be not kept. Can any read this, and tremble not?

God's word is fixed, as heaven's high throne. He speaks. Performance is at hand. The sons of Israel madly scorned His sway. They rashly followed their own heart's desire. And the foreshadowed doom arrived. Witness the desolation of their beauteous land, and their tribes scattered through the world's wide breadth. The sterile plains at home—the outcast wanderers abroad—bear witness, that the threatened vengeance fell.

But there are nearer lessons from these blessings and this curse. The voice is spiritual. It pictures the fair land of grace. It shows the mercies, which gird, as a girdle, the true family of faith. It opens, too, the blighted waste, in which proud unsubmission dwells. The Gospel prized is all this joy. The Gospel scorned is all this woe.

Reader, words are an empty shade, when Gospel blessedness is the theme. He, who would know, must taste, and then the half cannot be told. In Christ God gives Himself. Who can scan God? But till our God is scanned, the treasure is not fully weighed. But come and catch some glimpse.

Believe in Christ, and you are welcomed as God's child—God's heir. Your seat is at His board. Hear His assuring voice, "All things are yours—all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22, 23. At every moment you may draw near. You may tell out your every sorrow, and your every need. The ears of love receive. The hand of power relieves. Supplies of grace are largely given. The heavens come down in showers of goodness.

The gift of Jesus leaves no gift withheld. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things."

Faith finds abundance in the land of grace. For every sin there is a fountain close. For all unrighteousness there is a glorious robe. "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." For every burden a succour is at hand. "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Light, guidance, peace sparkle throughout the Gospel-page. When Satan terrifies, the cross is seen. When conscience trembles, the dying Jesus shows His hands and side. When the law thunders, Calvary spreads its sheltering wings. When heart-corruptions vex, the Spirit comes with renovating grace. Surely that life is blessed, in which the citizenship is above, and all the hours rejoice at heaven's gate. The past is one wide flood of mercy—the present is a stream of joy—the future is all glory's ocean.

But when the end is come, and the freed spirit wings its upward flight, who can conceive the rapture? Then Jesus is revealed. No distance intervenes. No separation can again occur. If faith finds Him so dear, what, what will be the realizing sight!

And when the grave restores its prey—when this poor body puts on immortality's attire, and shines more brightly than a thousand suns—like Christ—like Christ—for ever. What then? God then is fully known, and fully loved, and fully praised—while endless ages build the glory higher. Eternal love plans all this blessedness—the blood of Jesus purchases—His promise seals—His Spirit meetens—His power will soon confer the crown.

It is sweet joy to linger on this scene. But God in faithfulness presents a contrast. Crowds upon crowds reject the

Gospel-call. The Saviour's charms charm not. His messages are scattered to the wind. Unhappy dupes of unbelieving pride! There is no misery like yours. God's curse embitters your whole cup. The past is dark. The present gives no light. The future is an endless night. Each day, each hour, is sin. But your feet seek no cleansing fount. Therefore your sins remain. Your inner man is filth's vile mass: no Saviour spreads His merits, as your cloak. Troubles abound: there is no refuge to protect. Satan compels you to his miserable work: no mighty succourer breaks the chain. The world enslaves and cheats: no better portion calls you from its snares. If you look upwards the heavens are barred—God frowns—each attribute condemns. Friends bring no peace. Foes wound, and no balm heals. Prosperity is no bright day. Adversity is a dark gloom. Wealth cannot help. Poverty is a hard load. Thus life is misery. Death plunges into deeper woe. Eternity is hell. Such is brief outline of the accursed doom.

God's grace is scorned. His precious Son is crucified afresh. Mercy can show no mercy. Pardon cannot release. God is an adversary. All that God is must strive to heat the furnace of His wrath. Ah! unbelief! Your heritage is one unmitigable curse. Ah! rebel souls! How will you grapple with almighty wrath?

Do any such peruse these humble lines? Ah! Sirs, you see your case! Will you remain on this accursed ground? Will you still live a blighted tree—fit only for the burning? Will you thus hug the chain, which drags you to perdition? Oh! stay. You live, and Jesus lives. Who then can say, that you may not be saved? I fain would reason with you: turn not away. The Spirit's power may reach your heart.

Perhaps you abound in earthly wealth? You never knew a scanty board? But say, can gold procure God's smile—or hide your sins—or blunt the sting of death—or give a plea before the judgment-seat? You know its utter emptiness. Then cast your cheating idol to the winds. Seek Christ. He is a treasure, which can never fail. He can grant pardons. He can give title to the endless life. Be rich in Him, and then your riches reach to heaven. Escape the curse. Receive the blessing.

But perhaps the humble cottage is your home, and daily toil scarce earns the daily fare. The poor man without God is poor indeed. It is not penury, but grace, which saves. But Jesus never scorns the lowly hut. Many a Lazarus rests on Abraham's breast. Admit Him to your heart. His presence brings content, which gilded palaces can never buy. His favour sets above the monarchs of this earth.

Is learning yours? The cultivated mind may roam through every field of science—and ransack all the stores of thought. But no philosophy gains heaven's key. This can be found in Christ alone. He, who knows all, which mind can grasp, and knows not Christ, is but a splendid driveller. A Christless life goes down to a fool's grave.

Perhaps days are in the wane, and you look back on a long track of years. Bless God, that yet forbearing pity spares the worn-out thread. But the review is sad. What opportunities of seeking Christ have perished profitless! But is "too late" your doom? Is the door barred? Arise and knock. It has oft opened to an aged hand. May it be so to you! Oh! what a change, if like the aged Simeon you depart in peace, clasping the Saviour in rejoicing arms!

It may be so, that youth is in its bud. Who can regard

you, without anxious thought? The world is watching to ensnare. Satan prepares his most beguiling baits. But grace can win you to the cross. Would you be wise? True wisdom is in Christ. Would you be great? He raises to a Godlike path. Would you be happy? He fills the cup with never-failing joys. Would you win others to a blessed life? He, who lives Christ, strews blessings all around. But linger not. Youth must soon fly. It often sinks into an early grave.

Are children yours? How much may turn upon the early bias, which you give. Tell them of Christ. They who have intellect to grasp one thought, may learn the truth of a redeeming cross, and of pure joys beyond the grave. When hearts can feel, they may love Christ. Remember, apart from Christ, all here, and ever, is a dark curse. Christ, and Christ only, is eternal life. Blessed are they, and only they, who know, and love, and serve Him.

Ye ministers of Christ, behold your theme. So awfully denounce the curse, that you and yours may flee it. So sweetly paint the blessing, that you and yours may grasp it. So fully preach the Saviour, that you and yours may be for ever saved. Blessed are they, who, living—preaching—dying—make Christ their All

THE SUMMARY.

“These are the commandments, which the Lord commanded Moses for the children of Israel in Mount Sinai.” LEV. xxvii. 34.

LEVITICUS thus ends. Bright is this jewel in the Bible-crown. This Book stands as a rich tree in a rich garden of delight.—Happy are they, who gather wisdom from its laden boughs !

These last words fall with solemn weight. They are the farewell of these pages. They seem to seat us on some height, whence we survey the traversed plain. They bring the whole into a narrow view. They bid us to cast back a parting glance, and count our gain before we onward move.

As we reflect, one truth is obvious. The main lesson of this Book is Christ. He is the light and lustre of each part. To read aright, is to walk up and down with Him. Have we thus found ? Is He more deeply grafted in our hearts ? Is He more closely shrined within our thoughts ? Has He become the mainspring of our being ? Have we no longer any mind but His ? Christ is the juice—the life—the heart-blood of Leviticus. If it instruct not thus, the veil is on the reader's mind. He gropes in darkness amid glorious rays.

He who sees Christ—the glory of this Book—sees quickly, that our God is love. The Son reveals the Father's heart. The gift proclaims the Giver. Here golden letters write God's name of love.

Hear it, O Earth. Let this bright sunbeam shine through every clime. Behold God's loving mercy in redemption's plan. He calls His Son to bear the sinner's sins. He lays all help upon a mighty helper. Such scheme is as a flood of grace bursting from springs of love. The first thought and the last is love. When then Leviticus exhibits Christ, it calls us to adore our God, as Love.

This Book, too, is a signal proof of God's desire to bless. Strong efforts are here made to break down ignorance—to dispel mists—to introduce pure light—to open out the Gospel-way. A remedy unknown heals no disease. A shield unused wards off no blows. A chart unstudied is no guide. A saviour hid is saviour none. Hence types and figures are profusely given. They leave no mode untried to picture Christ. They show clear models of His saving work. Part after part moves, as a living semblance, on the stage. The Gospel is here displayed in skilfully-constructed forms. One is exhibited. Another comes. And then another is adjoined. But all have one design—to set Christ before men. In varied colours the same features shine. In every portion "Christ is All." Can we thus read, and doubt God's mind?

Is not the purport clear, as day? If constant efforts prove desire, here is desire, that eyes may see—and hands may grasp—and feet may swiftly follow—and hearts may love—and souls may trust, the Saviour sent by God. Who can draw back, when God thus strives to teach? Reader, can you pass through Leviticus to death?

Leviticus next graphically shows, how Jesus saves. It is a blood-stained record. The rites are full of death. The page resounds with victims' groans. Is not Christ here? He comes not with entreaties on His lips. He strives not to

melt justice by appeals. He brings no pleas for mitigation or reprieve. He grants, that His poor flock are lost—wholly and helplessly undone. He writes condemned on each, and He allows, that endless misery is justly earned. He vindicates Jehovah's glory in demanding death. But He claims right to save by substitution. He pleads the Covenant, which gives Him license to be Surety. He comes a proxy by eternal compact. The sinful seed are flesh and blood. He takes this nature. He assumes this flesh. So He becomes our Kinsman. If flesh must suffer—He is flesh. If soul must agonize—a human soul is His. Thus He is wholly fit to bear—to suffer—and to die. He bounds, as ardent courser to the guilty place. With eager step He mounts the Altar. His people's sins are piled on Him. The hateful load is bound upon His back. And He endures, till every penalty is fully paid. He drinks the cup, till every dreg is drained. The sword of justice is sheathed within His heart. He verily sustains the all of all that torment, which endless hell would have been pouring on His flock.

This is that fact, on which Salvation hinges. Till this be fully seen, the soul drifts hopelessly towards shores of woe. Oh ! it is worth ten thousand times ten thousand worlds, to be assured, that death is died—and sufferings suffered—and agonies endured—and the worm slain—and vengeance satisfied—and sins washed out—and debts all paid. It is the joy of joy, to see no frown in God—no stern repulse—no look but tenderness and smiles. It is, as heaven begun, to see hell's portals closed—its chains all shivered—its fires extinct. It is ecstatic rapture to behold an open passage to a glorious home—a blessed rest—a reign with God for ever.

Leviticus is blazoned with this fact. The altar prominently

stands. What is it, but an emblem of the cross? Victims without number die. They each are typal representatives of Christ. A stream of blood flows without ebb. Each drop displays the wounded Saviour, and the dying Lamb. Priests spare not the death-blow. The uplifted arm shows justice with the avenging sword. The blazing fire consumes its prey. Here all demands of wrath are met. The tabernacle-service thus displays a reconciling Calvary. It leads directly to the curse-bearing tree. It is a varied model of Christ taking away guilt—of God inflicting punishment on Him—of sinners ransomed by His anguish—of wrath expiring in the Godman's wounds.

Such are the rays, which mainly constitute Leviticus' light. Reader, an earnest question knocks at your heart's door. What is your profit from this Book? It may be, that you see no heaven-born virtue in these signs—that all these rites seem but a meaningless parade of death. Tremble. The Gospel hidden is the grave of hope. But look again. Each sacrifice allures you to Christ's side. Each record brings the only Saviour to your door. Each altar is a call to Calvary.

Ah! can it be, that Jesu's emblems have no charms for you! Sad is this evidence. The all-lovely is not lovely in your eyes. The all-precious is accounted vile. God's grandest gift is scorned. Heaven's glory is cast, as a husk to wind. But look again. Think of the misery of a Christless state—the peril of a Christless life—the anguish of a Christless death. You dare not say, that you are without sin. The hardest heart—the dullest mind—the blindest of the blind—allow, that there is error in their lives. Be sure iniquities are an appalling mass. The sands of all the ocean's shores reach not their number. In height, they tower above the skies—defy-

ing God. In depth, they penetrate to hell—there claiming the just due. Each stone of this tremendous pile is such an outrage against God, that finite penalty can never make amends.

Now read Leviticus again. Its pages cry, Sin need not be your ruin. There is a death which saves from death. There is a stream, which cleanses from all stains. There is a wounded side, which shelters—hides—redeems. A Saviour dies. And, if through grace you clasp His cross, all—all—is pardoned. Leave not Leviticus, until you shout, I see salvation's glorious scheme. I see a Godman bleeding in my place. I see transgression laid on Him. He has endured my hell. He calls me to His heaven. Then will these types be chosen pleasure-ground, and steps to ever-brightening views. But there are some, who, spirit-led, have found the cross. Thrice-happy men! You are God's sons, and glory's heirs. But here you pant—you long—you strive—you pray, for deeper knowledge of your precious Lord. More—more—is your intense pursuit. The day is blank, unless you study Christ. To you Leviticus is a boundless mine. The more you dig, the richer is the ore.

When Satan whispers that your sins are vile, these many sacrifices pass in review. Each puts a seal to the reviving truth, that God's own Lamb bears guilt away, and so these rites extract all conscience-stings.

You hear of coming wrath. You know that quenchless fire is terrible reality. But every altar shows fierce flame consuming an offering, that the offerer may be free. You thus are taught, that all the vengeance, which you earn, expires in Jesu's agony.

You seek renewed assurance, that God's smile is towards you.

These rites for ever sound, that enmity no more remains—that reconciliation is complete.

Your piercing eye would read the language of Christ's heart. These rites unfold it. Each death proclaims: Christ dies for you. He counts no sufferings great, to buy you, as His own: He wades through all the billows of God's wrath—through all the flames of hell—through all the depths of torment, to set you free, and cleanse you from all stains, and rescue you from foes. His anguish passes thought. And why? Because His love for you exceeds all bounds. Leviticus displays its costly efforts, and thus proves its truth. Faith claps the hand in every ordinance—and sings, See how Christ loves me.

But you are conscious of an evil heart. You would be pure, as God is pure: but vile corruptions raise their hated head. You would have every thought in heaven: but a depressing weight drags down to this earth's mire. You would have life one spiritual employ; but an indwelling foe prevents. Seek for relief amid these types of Christ. Draw nearer to the slaughtered victims, and the streaming blood, and the uplifted knife. Through these discern the tortures of the cross. Each pang shows sin to be exceeding sinful—a monster of unspeakable deformity—an enemy, which slew the Lord—the executioner of all His stripes. You must loathe that, which pierced Christ's heart. Down, down with that, which spared not Christ. Thus he, who probes by faith the wounds of Christ, most hates iniquity—most flies its touch. Leviticus thus leads to a sin-loathing walk.

Learn more and more the quickening lessons of this Book. You live in a cold world. You breathe a freezing air. You have to climb an adverse hill. You have to struggle with resisting tides. Your chariot wheels need oil. Fresh fuel is required